

genial
wards,
fabille,
succeeded,
to make
n gen-
n, with
y have
ing as-
Mon-
minary
ngfrau.
he con-
e Barre
our be-
horrify-
ascent
neatly
would
stainer
ayas."

ENED
selves in
the eight
ve stead-
Made of
roughly
ickness,
nd more
he same
the coast.
est, most
ket, and
ts of the
ne manu-
n Lane,

1875.
y and in-
present
give the
the same
erial with
tical and
Brough-
ood-bye,
probably
ERN By-
be a fea-
PAPER
teresting
ure, ex-
the arts,
ach have
Price to
age pre-

NCE
conducted
SCIENCE
a of val-
attractive
has thus
cal in the
gazine is,
or more
he study,
n the lan-
ts them-
England,
THE POR-
e octavo,
the sub-
r annum
APPLE-
FORTLY,
D. AN

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 304.]

NEW YORK, JANUARY 16, 1875.

[VOL. XIII.

THE GERMAN ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THIRD PAPER.

THE separation of the Hansa from the Germania took place, it will be remembered, on the 20th of July. The people upon the latter vessel had little fear that the loss of the sister-ship in fog was a permanent one, and therefore little distress was felt at first either on her account or their own.

The Germania continued her search for a

west longitude, and not more than thirty-one nautical miles from Sabine Island. They were now upon the long-desired coast. Open water lay before them, and they made straight for an anchorage.

They were all greatly excited, and, in spite of the severe cold, remained nearly the whole night on deck. In the early morning there

arose as they planted their flag, which also waved proudly from the main-mast.

A few days were occupied in scientific work, determining anew by fresh observations the relative positions of important landmarks, and surveying and naturalizing.

The prospect of further advance to the northward was not promising, the ice chok-



DEEP-SNOW TRAVELING.

passage through the ice to the land-water near the coast, but so effectually did all the elements oppose her that it was not until the 29th that the crew even saw land. This land was conjectured, from their position, to be Cape Broer Ruys.

On the 4th of August they found themselves in 74° 19' north latitude and 16° 59'

was a fall of snow, giving the ship a thick white covering. A few miles from land a large brash lay direct in their course; this they sailed round, and at last anchored in a small bay, which was afterward their winter harbor.

On the 5th of August they dropped anchor on Greenland soil, and a loud "hurrah!"

ing up most of the passages, and presenting at the same time an appearance of having established itself for the winter. An attempt to reach a higher latitude was dutifully made, however, and the Germania wandered about like a boy in the brambles, but finally returned to the southern side of Shannon Island, it being, in the estimation of the

officers, the safest place to rest while awaiting further opportunities.

While here, the chance to thoroughly explore the island was eagerly taken advantage of.

A land-expedition, under the command of the energetic first-lieutenant, Payer, started on the 14th of August, being supplied with provisions for six days. It did, in the aggregate, considerable measuring, a fair amount of botanizing, and a great deal of hunting. The facts that they discovered, as to the height of this peak, the bent of that coast, and the contour of this hill, seem somewhat meagre and profitless to one accustomed to reports of explorers of richer lands.

The *Germania* moved about in a small compass, feeling for a way out of her quandary, but all to no purpose, and at length the belief that she was caught for the winter forced itself upon her crew. The harbor at Sabine Island, where she had dropped anchor on the 5th of August, was exceedingly desirable as a winter berth, inasmuch as it possessed several advantages which are recognized among arctic explorers as necessary to the greatest safety of a ship. It opened to the south, and had land on the north, and moreover was protected from the heavy pack-ice. The *Germania* had run into a harbor that seemed made for her. It was almost circular, with a peculiarly narrow entrance, while to the north a mountain-chain, nine hundred feet high, formed an effective barrier against the devastating north winds, as well as from the rushing current of the pack-ice. Walrus Island, lying to the southeast, protected the harbor from the rushing current of the pack-ice, which, drifted by the sea-breeze or the currents against the neighboring open coasts, often brings about frightful results.

A favorable spot was selected in the harbor, and on the 24th of September the ship was brought to the chosen spot. Then began the task of dismantling the ship. The anchor was stowed on board, for there was no further use for it, the ship being frozen in her position.

Every thing was carried ashore that would not be required during the winter. Thus, on one side the ship was disburdened, and on the other more space was gained for the men. To keep out the snow and the wind, and also to keep in the warmth, a tent of strong sail-cloth was stretched, tent-fashion, over the ship, and finally a three-inch layer of moss was spread over the deck.

"The foretop-mast we purposely left standing, that we might have a lofty point, which, in the course of time, might be useful for observing the air-currents and electricity. Then the deck was cleared, and the long-boat hoisted from its place. The spare spars and all utensils and chests were brought to shore. The same thing was done with all provisions which the frost could not destroy, except, of course, what we needed for use during the half-year. The two largest boats we laid with the yards, etc., on the flat shore at the end of the harbor. For the provisions, however, we erected a 'depot,' half-way to the observatory on the peninsula. On a layer of planks we closely packed our chests and vessels, covering them with sails, the edges of which were kept down by heavy stones. Thus buried, our belongings seemed able to defy both storms and bears. But other things

remained to be done. One or two men had to help build the stone-houses; and the engineer and stoker were busy taking the machinery to pieces. One of these stone-houses was intended for an observatory. It was built on the corner of land lying near to the ship, upon the steep edge of the bank; for the other, as a magnetical observatory, a more northwest position seemed preferable."

Two new apartments were made aboard the ship, in the hold between the cabin and the fore-castle, it being thought best to abandon the extreme ends of the ship on account of the difficulty of warming them. The ceilings and walls were packed and wadded with extra material, and all possible precautions were taken to secure safety and comfort in the coming winter.

But, besides the cold, the European, wintering in the north, has another enemy awaiting him, which often brings on illness: this enemy is the damp. The wateriness of the atmosphere, rising from all parts, penetrates into the rooms, settling naturally upon every relatively cold object. These are particularly the walls and ceiling of the cabin. And even with continual airing it is not possible to keep the damp really out of the cabin. In order, therefore, to accomplish this, these explorers bored large holes, after Ross's example, of two inches diameter through the deck, turning over them large hollow iron vessels covered with snow, on the very cold inner surface of which the watery contents of the atmosphere soon condensed, forming a crust of ice, which was removed from time to time. Two of these condensers were placed over the cabin, two over the fore-castle, and one over the captain's cabin.

While these preparations were going on, the days had become visibly shorter and the air colder. The ship was surrounded with a wall of ice-blocks, and a sort of guide-rail, formed of a rope and more of these blocks, was led from the stern of the ship to a point near the observatory, one of the two buildings erected on the shore. All these things being done, the gallant band rested in confidence.

On the 14th of September the first of the important expeditions to the land was made, and a thorough exploration of Fligely Fjord was accomplished. It had not been calculated that sledge-journeys would be undertaken to any very great extent (though it is hardly possible to understand who could have been so woefully mistaken), and therefore the expedition was but illy supplied with material.

However, the men did very well under the circumstances. They traveled one hundred and thirty-three and one-half miles in seven days, camping on the main-land, and making topographical examinations of the coast. Koldewey, Payer, and others ascended a mountain four thousand and eighty feet in height, and gained much information necessary for chart-making purposes, the principal item being the discovery that a northern branch of the fjord opened into Ardencap Bay. On the south side of Kulm Island was found an enormous stratum of coal "from three-fourths (of a foot, probably) to eighteen inches thick," a "find" that will no doubt prove of great value to explorers hereafter.

Another interesting discovery was the trace of former glaciers. There were smooth rocks one hundred and seventy feet above the sea, and that in a valley perfectly free from ice—central and lateral moraines, with the sharp, characteristic, longitudinal ridge—and the mounds of debris and peculiar stone-dust.

During the whole of October and a part of November, the dwellers in the dismantled ship were favored with fine weather, and botanical and zoological studies were carried on to some little purpose. It was difficult, naturally, to gain much knowledge of the fauna of the sea, though earnest attempts were made at every opportunity. Semipolar minute records of meteorological observations were now begun, and kept up thoroughly throughout the winter.

On the 27th of October another expedition started out to determine whether or not the passage north of Clavering's Island led into Garl Hamkes Bay. A small tent served them as a sleeping-apartment. The general sleeping-sack, which was used in the spring-journey to the north, did not exist; each had his own peculiar one. A lamp for cooking (twelve bottles of spirit composed their only fuel); two breech-loaders with cartridges, skates, mountain-shoes, an aneroid barometer, a theodolite, and mathematical instruments; bacon, salt, suet, pemmican, extract of meat, coffee, cognac, cocon, and hard-bread, formed their store—a load for five men during a nine days' sledge-journey.

"In Europe we generally undress to go to rest. In arctic regions, on the contrary, we generally dress. Each one frees his long beard from the clusters of ice which had settled upon it, and brings out his reserve stockings or his bear-skin shoes. His feet are thrust into the sleeping-sack, and the body follows. The space is so narrow, and the party so closely packed, that the pulling-off of boots can only be accomplished by sitting on one's neighbor, and every one must inevitably step over or on another at the least movement, and seeking for one's fur gloves necessitates kneeling either upon the face or the shins of some one else, thus causing an indignant remonstrance. From the spot where the knee rests issues a howl; you start back unsuspectingly, knock over the lamp (an uncovered tin dish filled with bear's-grease, which hangs from the gable of the tent by a wire): a flood of oil ensues—but who cares for that? But it is dangerous when the tent gets on fire—an accident which happened twice on our journey. In a moment several square feet of covering, on which the burning spirit had been spilled, were in flames; we burned fur hoods and gloves in trying to put them out. The sufferers then drew fur stockings over their hands."

After the evening meal came the only pleasant portion of these wild and adventurous days. The men in their close tent took a quiet *siesta*. They smoked "camels'-hair," chatted, wrote up their journals, took medicine and small potions of brandy, and then clambered in curious confusion into their sack, and slept till early morning. It was upon this journey that some most beautiful and striking natural effects were observed.

Consider the situation! Five men wholly muffled up in fur, except where their faces look out, trampling along in those cold, white

wilds, dragging slowly after them a reluctant sled, upon which is packed their all. Now the little group picks its devious way amid lofty peaks, losing itself in alleys and around corners of ice-cliffs, and making halts and retrogressive marches. Now it struggles over hummocks, now it toils laboriously up long hills, and now it tracks slowly over tremendous dreary plains, where the snow lies waist-high, and where the bitter wind has full play. Now and then it stops, and some instruments are carefully adjusted, and observations are taken and recorded, and then its onward journey is resumed. It is frequently the case that two or three of the men leave the rest and climb some high mountain, and stand, two minute specks upon its bleached top, and make abstruse calculations and reckonings about the form of the coast and the configuration of the land. The discrepancy between the mightiness of Nature and the littleness of man constantly recurs to one upon reading this portion of the narrative, but at the same time it is not possible to avoid self-gratulation (as one of the race) that such splendid faculties for the understanding and appreciation of the mysteries of Nature are contained in bodies so very insignificant.

One night the explorers, while encamped at the foot of a hillock, were favored with the sight of a splendid aurora—violet, green, and yellow. "In unusual intensity it passed from west to east through our zenith. It appeared like one single beam, so that involuntarily we were drawn to the conclusion that the appearance resembled a flattened lens or a ring, in the centre of which we were exactly placed. The surrounding mountains appeared like black, shadowy masses."

The scenery was something sublime. In the description of a fjord that was explored, there occur these few graphic words:

"Ice-cliffs in numbers filled it, their light color striking with a glare against the steel-green of the smooth ice-covering of the fjord. To the north and west, brown walls, three thousand feet high, rose in imposing forms in giant rows, as a background to the glaciers of the Tiroler Fjord."

"The gentle slopes of Clavering Island were covered with a light green, and over it hung long icy tongues and frozen torrents, surmounted by the snow-capped main ridge, four thousand two hundred to five thousand two hundred and fifty feet high; and in a southwesterly direction, in another arm of the fjord, we could see a rocky island with glaciers about four thousand two hundred feet high."

At another place in the journey a lonely meteor streamed across the sky, and for several seconds the whole of the icy landscape was bathed in one intense carmine light.

The results of this expedition were important. It established the fact that the passage thought to exist on the north of Clavering Island *did* exist. Some fjords were discovered; considerable geographical knowledge was gained; and an interesting study of the Greenland glaciers was made. Almost immediately after the return of the expedition, violent storms began, and the dread arctic night set in.

The vessel was covered with snow almost immediately, and the howling and

shrieking winds burst down over her, and stirred some little terror in the hearts of the captives.

But, after many tempests had calloused the spirits of the men against all fears, they passed their days in comfort, performing, meanwhile, regular duties. A newspaper was started, and it added much to the scanty stock of pleasure. A school of navigation was opened, in which the captain, Børgen, and Dr. Copeland, instructed four of the men; and, when Christmas came, the fire of the many warm hearts made the season one of sweetness, notwithstanding the harshness of the circumstances. A "tree" was made with the same ingenuity that was shown by the crew of the *Hansa*, and presents passed between the full-grown men as between children.

"Healths were drank in the foaming wine of the Neckar, and at dessert a large chest, which had taken its place in the cabin since yesterday, was opened. It contained a valuable present from Mainz: a number of bottles of excellent Rhine wine. You should have seen the crew of the *Germania*! Heart and mind were in a glow; they joked and chattered, speeches were made and healths drunk, and the ship resounded with many a hearty cheer. We thought of our loved ones at home, our brothers on the *Hansa*, and our ever-dear country."

"But we still wanted a song. Each one had his song-book, a gift from the publisher, G. Westermann, and—were we not Germans, 'Vereint zur frohen Stunde?' So it was not long before we had a song. Was it a warning that the 'Wacht am Rhein' should resound in the arctic night?"

"As it was a wonderfully warm, soft air, the suggestion of a dance on the ice received universal approbation. Soon we were dancing merrily on the white snow, while the boatman, wrapped in a reindeer's skin, played the new harmonica with an artist's hand."

"More bottles were opened, more healths drunk, and midnight had passed before we retired to rest."

On the 3d of January, Payer wrote in his journal:

"The stillness of an arctic winter has something awful about it; the gloomy shade under which life passes, without one charm, is burdensome to the spirit. Every sound of creation is silenced; the whispering and gurgling of the springs and brooks have died away; the breaking of the waves is mute; the water-fall stands motionless against the cold wall of rock; the plants, choked under their covering of snow, seem forever destroyed. Animals that had migrated, either to the outer edge of the pack-ice or to milder latitudes, have withdrawn to the interior or begun their winter sleep. No faint sunshine colors the heights, shedding its beams on the glistening masses of ice, on the golden mirror of the sea. Forms and colors are tinged with gloom; a universal winding-sheet enwraps every form of Nature, over which broods the icy night; the stars, twinkling brightly, shed their cold light; ghost-like stand out the shadowy, snowy walls of the mountains from the black edge of the rock; sullenly rise the crested rocks in the night; snow-flakes glide in noiseless monotony on to the still, cold earth, and on to the ice-deck, which has bound our ship for months. The deck is laden with snow; masts and yards stretch their coal-black arms to heaven; frost hangs to the ropes in tender crystal webs; the helm is buried under blocks of ice."

The monotony of the constant alternation

of storm and calm was frequently broken by new perils. A man named Kleutzer was pursued by a hungry bear, and had an escape that was uncomfortably narrow. One or two of the crew were frost-bitten, and on the 11th of January a fire broke out in the after-cabin.

The time drew drearily on until it became possible to think familiarly of the approach of the light, and of the warmth of summer.

The end of January came, and all were on the alert to welcome the sun which was to appear on the 3d of February.

"On that day, long before noon, all were on the lookout. Dr. Børgen was in the observatory, and Dr. Copeland and Captain Koldewey had climbed the Germaniaberg. It was with very solemn feelings that we awaited the appearance of the stranger. Our thoughts flew over the sunless three months, as we contemplated the shadowless objects around, but our eyes turned again instinctively to the south, where it was ever getting lighter and lighter. To our great joy the horizon here was quite clear; only a few clouds stood in the heavens. These added to the beauty of the scene, for they were of the brightest red and yellow."

"The noontide hour approached. Full of expectation and curiosity, the men appeared from time to time on the stairs to look for the sun; some mounted the topmast, to enjoy the pleasure somewhat sooner. Attentively we looked around, for at such a time nothing should escape one. The southern horizon grew ever brighter, and, at last, almost blinded, we had to turn away our eyes; but the glance rests in the southwest at first, doubtful and questioning, and then, in joyous certainty, we shout to one another, 'There it is!' The Sattelberg already lies in the sunshine! And, indeed, in faint reddish but unmistakable sunshine does this height glitter above the other deeply-shaded mountains. More decided grows the light now, and in a short time the same beautiful spectacle is repeated on the Hassenberg and the other chief heights of the island, and from them it descends to the plains; and, as we look around, the resuscitated orb of day shines full upon us."

"Moved to the depths of our hearts, we thought to look our full upon the sun, but the long-unseen light was blinding, the eyes could not bear it, and we were compelled to have protecting-glasses before we could tell whether the sun's disk was as yet really above the horizon. Nevertheless, its influence was strong enough, as we turned our backs to it, to show the whole island and the near main-land in complete daylight. It was a joyous and a glorious sight. Invigorating were the effects of its first rays as they fell upon us, as were also the effects upon the landscape. For, as, until now, the whole mountain-panorama lay in one uniform-colored dark mass, except now and then, in the bright moonlight, when some glaring lights and shades stood out, and even the brightest twilight could scarcely individualize an object, now every part and outline of the mountain-chain stood prominently forward; the projections were elevated, and the distant points receded; and this now beautiful living landscape was flooded with the softest colors—red, violet, blue, and green in all shades—according to the strength of the light, the kind of ground, and the nature of the surroundings. But our pleasure was destined to be of short duration, for the sun soon disappeared again behind the jagged horizon of ice, and the gloomy, uniform, grayish-blue shadows descended one after another on the wintry landscape."

Now that spring had fairly opened, the

crew of the *Germania* bestirred themselves. Projected sledge-journeys filled all their thoughts, and preparations for the first were immediately begun. It was designed to travel northward along the edge of the coast, and to penetrate as far as possible into the hitherto unknown wilds.

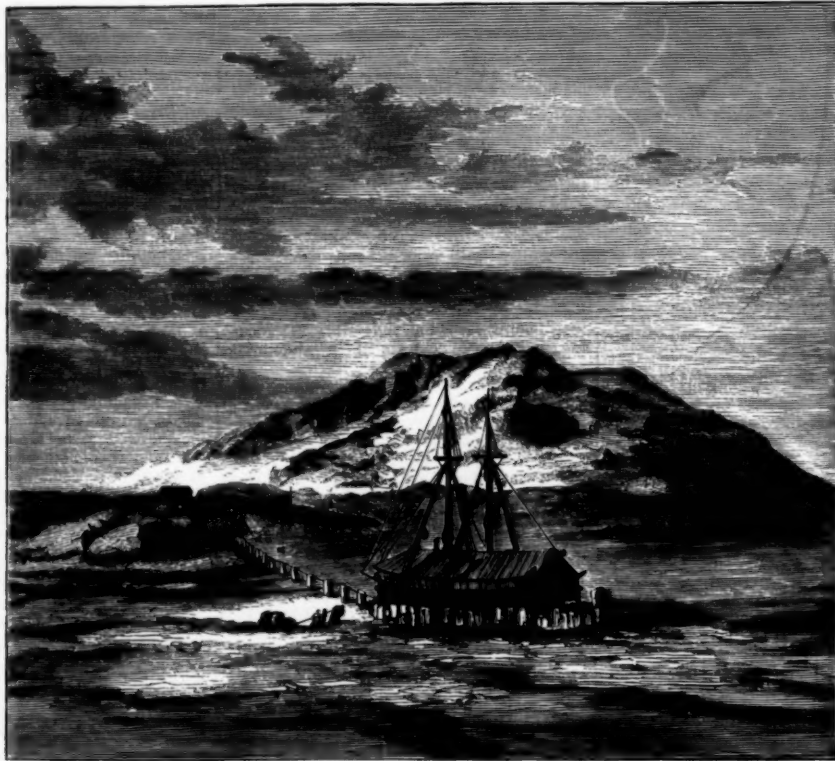
The arrangements for this formidable task were as complete as human ingenuity could devise with the material at hand, and eight men, noted for their endurance and courage, were selected to make the company.

A start was made on the 8th of March, but, the weather proving bad, the party returned to the ship. A second attempt to get under way was made on the 24th, and it succeeded. Mishaps immediately befell; but,

frost-bitten. The hair of the face, and even the eyelashes, got hoar with frost—indeed, the eyes are often completely closed—and every frozen spot on the body must at once be rubbed with lumps of snow resembling pumice-stone, until a warm, pricking glow succeeds. When, as in the case of many of our party, the frozen hands or feet were not rubbed with snow until too late, it led to numerous blisters. The fingers swelled up into lumps, and became quite numbed; but the noses (the whole eight of which were frozen) were more fortunate; they emerged from a white into a red stage of enlarged dimensions, were eventually covered with a parchment-like skin, remaining for some time most sensitive, and by slow degrees regained their normal condition, so that by the time we landed in Europe they were all right again. The heat of our bodies, which we did our best to

els, on which the tent was erected, and the dug-out blocks of snow laid round it for safety against the storm, and the sledge placed as a shield to the north. The tent was kept upright by means of four long poles, each crossed at the top, stretched by ropes fastened to axes or piles driven into the ground. When the sleeping-sack had been laid down in the tent, our personal baggage settled, the kettle filled with blocks of snow by the cook, the lamp lit, and the rations given out, our comrades, who, owing to the increased cold since the setting of the sun, had meanwhile been running and jumping to keep themselves warm, were allowed to enter.

"During our last half-hour's march each man had been busy thawing his beard with his hands, for it had been changed into a lump of ice, so that it might not melt while the cooking was going on, and so wet their



THE GERMANIA ON SABINE ISLAND.

with iron persistency and almost superhuman courage, the group of pigmies plunged in among a thousand difficulties and mysteries, and fought their way over the trackless snows.

Sledge-journeying has a host of disagreeables and torments peculiar to itself. Bitter cold, lack of sleep, danger of frost-biting, monotony of scene, toil, snow-blindness, perpetual hunger, etc., etc., keep the men in heroic attitudes all the time. There is a continual conflict against the loss of warmth, and the cold penetrates in a hundred different ways.

"Now the chin is numbed, a painful straining of the forehead sets in, or a violent pricking of the nostrils, which are exposed to the wind. Sometimes one stands in danger of the heels, the toes, or the hands, being

retain by warm woolen clothes, was carried away in a moment by the slightest wind; and, if it increased, the cold crept between every button of our seal-skin clothing; the penetrating icy wind was felt at every stitch, the arms hung down like lead, deadly cold, and no one dared to walk without a mask. If the wind rose still more, curtains of penetrating snow-crystals rose with it from the ground; then a snow-storm, which always comes from the north, might be expected, announcing itself by a lofty white appearance in the south, the violet color and close proximity of the mountains, and low-hanging clouds. But still we risk the march forward against the thickening snow, until painful breathing and stiffening limbs warn us to pitch our tent.

"Under ordinary circumstances this was done about six or seven P. M., on a smooth surface. A hole was quickly dug with shov-

clothes and coverings. As soon as all were in their places in the tent, the aperture was closed, and preparations made for passing the night.

"The stiff sail-cloth boots, fast frozen to the stockings which were to form our pillows, were thawed between the hands, and with difficulty taken off; the stockings, thick with rimy snow, were scraped, then wrung, and laid upon the breast to dry by our only available means—our bodily heat—so as to prepare them for the following day's work.

"At last all have wriggled themselves into the sleeping-sack, each one lying partly on his neighbor, and in this modest space waiting for the evening meal.

"The misery of tent-life reaches its maximum during an uninterrupted snow-storm of sometimes three days' duration. So long as this assumes the form of a hurricane, no one can leave the tent without danger of either

being suffocated or blown away. These Greenland snow-storms, which carry small stones with them, greatly resemble West Indian hurricanes, only that the sun is completely darkened by the rush of snow."

A journey full of almost incredible privations, and lasting twenty-two long days, carried the explorers to a higher latitude on the east Greenland coast than had yet been reached by man.

They gave several national names to peaks and headlands as they picked their way along, and, on the 15th of April, tired, famished, and exhausted, they came to a full and imperative stop. They could go no farther. Payer exclaims:

"We had crossed the seventy-seventh degree of latitude! Like so many of our predecessors, we, too, longed to lift the veil hanging over the whole of the arctic world, so opposed to the mandate, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther;' and, like so many others, found that our object gained fell far short of our bold flights of fancy; and that, resting after endless troubles at the end of our journey, we still looked in vain for the solution of the many riddles which science expected of us. The conjecture, once broached, of an open Arctic Sea, we could, from our stand-point, only reject as idle.

"The North-German and Austrian flags fluttered in a light north wind peaceably side by side. We erected a cairn, which will doubtless remain unmoved, though perhaps never again seen to the end of time, and placed inside it a box containing a short account of our voyage. The document ran thus: 'This spot, which lies in 77° 1' north latitude and 18° 50' west longitude from Greenwich, was reached by the German Arctic Expedition in sledges (the last three German miles on foot) starting from the winter harbor by Sabine Island after an absence from the ship of twenty-two days.'

"This account of one of our five sledge-journeys, which occupied three months on the whole, will naturally raise the question whether, after all these privations, science was in any way the gainer? Such was the case. The discovery of a land stretching over several degrees of latitude and longitude; the reaching the most northerly point ever yet trodden in East Greenland; the conviction that the land was wonderfully broken up, and might possibly resolve itself into a group of islands; the certainty, from our geological work, that a future measurement of degrees would meet with no hinderance from climate, configuration of ground, or atmospheric condition; the enriching of the geological knowledge of our terrestrial globe; the confirmation of the conjecture that the most recent geological formations were certainly not wanting in the far north (as people were at one time inclined to believe); the discovery of enormous glaciers, the surroundings of which perfectly agreed with Peschel's theory of the origin of fjords; the proof that the Esquimaux must long since have deserted the northeast coast, and that the land is completely uninhabited; observations upon the diffusion of certain plants and animals; upon the almost exclusive dominions of the north wind; and, lastly, the experience that the navigability of the so-called coast-water suffers great interruption from the ice-masses in the arctic current, among the local islands—surely these may be considered as somewhat valuable results."

After a short rest of ten days, another expedition started out to explore Ardeneaple Inlet, and, profiting by the severe experience that had just been gained, more food was

taken, and some important changes were made in the size of the tent and in the arrangements for sleeping.

The men met with a terrible obstacle in the lightness of the snow, for the sledges sank, and every step of progress was the result of a single and united effort. During one stage of the journey this difficulty seemed almost unsurmountable. The journal says:

"From seventy steps a minute, the pace fell to twenty, and at last we stood still. The sledge sank, and was scarcely to be moved, even by our taking circuits of a wide radius. We ourselves, during the last three days of great exertion, had sunk step by step up to our knees. That, under such circumstances, it was no easy matter to get the sledge along, need be hardly said. For days together the monotonous rhythm of the 'Yo! heave, oh!' might be heard at the foot of the walls.

"The bright light of the white flakes worked the exhausted travelers almost to madness. Only the third part, or half of the baggage, could be carried at a time; we were, therefore, obliged to go over the same bit of road three, and sometimes five times. Every ten steps the sledge had to be formally dug out; indeed, the bit passed over was like a hollow way, and, as the snow became softer, and the tide rose from the edge of the coast, penetrating the under-layers, it became like a perfect bog, and we could do nothing but kneel and pull along in the snow. As, by this means, one could only advance a few hundred steps daily, and our last night's encampment was still within gunshot, it seemed almost impossible for us ever to reach the land, although we had approached the coast within half a nautical mile."

The expedition was out twenty-one days, and, during that period, the warmth of the coming season made itself felt, much to the discomfort of the men, it being a fact that dry ice and uncompromising cold are much more to an explorer's mind than sodden snow and melting weather, in spite of the suggestions of summer they contain.

Geological expeditions were made to the right and left of the main line of march, and also surveys and calculations wherever it was clear that a fair knowledge of the region might require it. A very full examination of Kulm Island was accomplished, and the sledge was laden down with petrifications, minerals, and skins.

Early in April, still another expedition went to Klein Pendulum for the purpose of making magnetic and astronomic observations, and it met with success, that was due mainly to that fine courage and persistence that played such parts in all previous undertakings. To struggle, to make retrograde marches, to become exhausted, to feel hunger and thirst and become blind, lame, and ill, seem to have been mere trifles to these hardy fellows, and their stories are written most uncomplainingly.

Subsequent to the return of this last expedition, a search for Esquimaux remains in Sabine Island was instituted. A row of graves was discovered, also the ruins of a few earth-huts. A further hunt for traces of the old inhabitants was extended over considerable territory in the neighborhood, and the most careful inspections and measurements were recorded.

The Germania was now free from her icy fetters.

It was the middle of July, and the officers, upon casting about them to learn if there was more to be seen, decided in the negative, and so the expediency of departing and sailing to the northward was broached and discussed.

On the 22d of July the steam was gotten up, and the flags were raised, and the sturdy vessel turned her prow slowly toward the mouth of the harbor. She had been fast in one position for ten months, and now was about to quit it for the last time. It is not surprising that a feeling of mingled sadness and gratitude filled the breasts of the seamen, and that they bent looks of regret upon the huge hills that had surrounded them and protected them so well. All the land, the whole region thereabout, was desolate beyond description. They had met no living thing but wild animals, and had seen no traces of man, except those that had hinted of his dissolution and dispersion. Yet this sad loneliness had in it a pathetic tone, and at a moment of parting this made itself felt, despite the cheers that arose on the frosty air from the seamen's throats.

The vessel essayed a northern flight, but she was brought up at an icy barrier. On the 28th, Payer reported that further progress seemed impossible, and so the ship's head was turned to the south, though not without the due agreement of all the officers and scientists.

There was yet ample time for explorations on the journey down the coast, and no effort was spared to add to the stock of general knowledge of the land. The ship anchored here and there to permit of observations and short trips for exploration to be made.

On the 8th of August, and almost by accident, a most important discovery resulted from a sledge-journey to the west. This was none less than the finding of a great fjord. The explorers were led toward it by lofty icebergs that were seen in the distance, and Börgen and Koldewey ascended a peak to gain a better view. No sooner had they done this, than there was presented to their astonished eyes a scene of extraordinary grandeur.

"The interior of Greenland lay there like a splendid picture, displaying the Alpine world in its highest style. At our feet lay the mouth of a great fjord, or rather arm of the sea, perfectly free from drifting ice, but covered with numerous icebergs of from ninety-five to one hundred and ninety feet high, and stretching westward in the far, far distance, then seeming to divide into several arms, rising even higher and higher into the regions of eternal snow and ice.

"This was a moment which richly rewarded us for all our troubles and difficulties. Before us lay in all its virgin beauty the mirrored surface of these unknown waters, and, if only we could succeed in bringing up our ship, what scope was there for science and discovery; ay, even into the very heart of Greenland!"

The Germania was brought up to the mouth of the great bay, and the explorers proceeded to take her into the unknown waters. Immense masses of ice stood in their way, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she was pushed between them. Payer very aptly describes the scene:

"We had entered a basin, the shores of

which were formed by rocks, which for glorious form and color I had never seen equaled. Here were congregated all the peculiarities of the Alpine world: huge walls, deep erosion-fissures, wild peaks, mighty crevassed glaciers, raging torrents, and water-falls; which in Europe, as a rule, come but singly. All these pictures of wild beauty were taken in at a glance. To me the impression given by the high-towering rocky mountains of the basin was that of some fairy tale. A colossal cubic rock on the small basis of a tongue of land stretched itself far into the fjord, rising out of the blue water to a height of at least five thousand six hundred feet; regular reddish-yellow, black, and light stripes, showing the different layers of the stone. The terraces and towers on its edges resembled a ruined castle; we therefore called it the Devil's Castle. Never in the Alps had I seen any thing even approaching this in grandeur.

Some days were spent in penetrating to the various parts of this wild, silent, and lonely place, and in studying the conformation of the land, and the character of its botanical productions. Nearly every hour produced its fresh surprise, and nowhere in their long, previous journey had the strangeness of their positions and purposes appeared to the voyagers so graphically. It was while they were wandering cautiously about among these fearful peaks, and upon the surface of waters of almost immeasurable depth, that they felt the full dignity of their great undertaking.

The Germania penetrated to 25° 58' 6" west longitude, and at this point Payer ascended one of the loftiest peaks in the neighborhood, and saw that the fjord extended quite forty miles west-southwest. In that direction arose a lofty ice-pyramid which from its towering height (eleven thousand feet) was given the name of the honored originator of the expedition—Petermann.

The grand discovery of the fjord, which received the name "Kaiser Franz-Joseph," awoke a strong desire among the men to spend another winter in the ice. The "instructions," however, forbade such a thing, and, now that the season was growing old, it was truly high time to think of home.

The Germania's boiler was in an exceedingly bad condition, and this, if nothing else, would have persuaded the voyagers that any scientific results, however great, would by no means compensate for trials that would surely follow if they tarried longer.

So, on the 16th of August, the Germania was turned to the eastward and homeward. She struggled with the ice, playing a somewhat earnest game of hide-and-seek until the 24th, when she found herself in the broad Atlantic. The last bit of ice disappeared in the fog, and on a southeasterly course she made straight for the mouth of the Weser.

"My watch is over!" was a saying of old Scoresby's, when he was free of the Greenland ice, and found himself in open sea. "My watch is over!" exclaimed Captain Koldewey to Mr. Sengstacke, as he retired to his cabin with a feeling of security that he had not enjoyed for many a day.

On the 11th of September the vessel ran into Bremerhaven, and she was received with the heartiest rejoicings. The meeting of her crew with some of those that had returned in the Hansa was such a meeting as one

delights to read of. The embraces of brave men who had thought each other lost are the finest caresses in the world.

The results of the entire venture are summed up by Koldewey substantially as follows:

"Open water on the east coast of Greenland is proved not to exist. The coast is proved not to be a good basis for departures into the extreme northern regions. A good fund of geographical, zoological, geological, and botanical knowledge has been given to the world.

"It is demonstrated that no important advance into the ice, nor any considerable scientific result essentially belonging to the land, is to be reckoned upon without the firm support of the coast; and, without wintering and erecting stations for observation, no thorough investigation of the arctic regions is possible."

This is, then, to speak rudely, the pork that was got for the shilling. The value of the results is naturally placed high by those who fought so long and so bravely to secure them, but it is hardly possible for one who is not a tried hero not to look askance upon the balance-sheet. With a vivid memory of semi-starvation, semi-congelation, and semi-madness, it is likely that all arctic explorers will, till the crack of doom, be able to wither with contempt all who timidly inquire "What did you risk yourselves for?" and therefore no proper estimate of the worth of such ventures will be likely to be made.

But in the name of Science, in which name these things are done, let us beseech all nations to be generous if they once open their coffers. If it is thought advisable to dispatch such expeditions, let them be fitted in the most generous manner. To be niggardly is to be murderous; to buy cheap engines, for instance, to ignore the chance that sledge explorations may be necessary, to fail to supply the necessary tools, material, and artisans, as was done in the equipment of this German expedition, is to trifle with indescribable terrors. It was the good fortune of Koldewey's men to return without the loss of one of their number, and to be able to show a pretty fair bill of health all through their journey, but that does not go far to prove that they were amply protected and furnished; rather, perhaps, that they were brave, courageous, and intelligent, to a very uncommon extent.

RALPH WILTON'S WEIRD.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WOOLING O'T."

(From Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER III.

MAJOR MONCRIEF was as good as his word, and joined his friend before the stipulated ten days had expired. Nor had time hung heavily on Wilton's hands. He was up early, and turned out every day to tramp through the heather, or among the wooded valleys of the picturesque country surrounding the lodge. He was an active pedestrian and a good shot; moreover, he went thoroughly into the pursuit or amusement that engaged

him. The game-keeper pronounced him a real sportsman, but thought it rather odd that, whatever line of country they had beaten, or were going to beat, Colonel Wilton generally contrived to pass across the brae, or the path leading from Brosedale to Monksleugh. The evening was generally spent in arranging and correcting his Crimean and Indian diaries, so, with the help of a couple of horses, which arrived under the care of his soldier-servant, he had no lack of amusement and occupation. Nevertheless, he welcomed Moncrief very warmly.

"You are a first-rate fellow for joining me so soon. It certainly is not good for man to live alone. These are capital quarters—lots of game, a beautiful country, hospitable neighbors. Look here! I found these when I came in yesterday."

So spoke Wilton, handing a card and a note to his friend as they drew near the fire after dinner.

"Hum!—ah!—Sir Peter, or rather Lady, Fergusson has lost no time," returned the major, laying down the card, which was inscribed "Sir Peter J. Fergusson, Brosedale," and, opening the note, which bore a crest and monogram in lilac and gold, "her ladyship is anxious we should partake of the hospitality of Brosedale on Thursday next, *à la carte à l'ancienne*. I am to bring my friend Colonel Wilton."

"Who are these people?" asked Wilton, as he peeled a walnut.

"Oh, Sir Peter is a man who made a big fortune in China; a very decent little fellow. He married an Honorable widow with a string of daughters, who manages a happy amalgamation of her old and her new loves by styling herself the Honorable Lady Fergusson. Sir Peter bought a large estate here for a song when the Grits of Brosedale smashed up. I met the baronet in London at General Maclellan's, and my lady was monstrously civil; hoped to see me when I was in their neighborhood, and all that; but, of course, Wilton, you will not go? We did not come down here for polite society—it would be a bore."

Wilton did not answer immediately. "I do not know," he said, at last. "It would not do to give such near neighbors the cold shoulder. We might be glad of them if we tire of each other. Suppose we go this time, and see what sort of neighbors we have?"

Moncrief looked at his friend with some surprise. "As you like," he said. "I should have thought it any thing but a temptation to you."

"My dear fellow, the weather and the sport and the scenery have made me so comfoundedly amiable that I am indisposed to say 'No' to any one."

"Very well, I will write and accept; but if you think I am going to dine with every resident who chooses to enliven his dullness by entertaining two such choice spirits as ourselves, you are very much mistaken, my lad. I suppose you are anxious to prosecute your search for a wife, in obedience to that crotchety old peer."

"Not I," returned Wilton, laughing; "and, if I were, I do not think it very likely

I should find the desired article among the Honorable Lady Fergusson's daughters."

"I believe Fergusson was married before," said the major, "in his earlier, humbler days, when he little thought he would reign in the stead of old Jammie Grits at Brosedale." Whereupon the major branched off into some local anecdotes, which he told with much dry humor. Wilton listened and laughed, but did not forget to put him in mind of the necessary reply to Lady Fergusson's invitation.

The major was by no means well pleased at being obliged to dress after a severe day's work, for which he was not as yet in training; moreover, he was full fifteen years older than his friend, and at no period of his life possessed the fire, the eager energy which Wilton carried with him into every pursuit, even into every whim. So he grumbled through the purgatorial operation, and marvelled gloomily at Wilton's unusual readiness to rush into the inanities of a county dinner.

As to Wilton, he felt quite angry with himself for the curious elation with which he mounted the dog-cart that was to convey them to Brosedale. He did not think there was so much boyish folly left in him; but, occupy himself as he might, he could not banish the haunting eyes of Ella Rivers. He could not forget the unconscious dignity of her question, "Is it death?" The full knowledge of danger, and yet no wild terror! There was a fascination about that insignificant stranger which, absurd and unreasonable though it was, he could not shake off. This effect was heightened by the peculiar, sad indifference of her manner. It was odd that he had never met her in any of his varied and extensive excursions. The weather had been beautiful, too—most favorable for sketching, but she had never appeared. If he could see her again, and disperse the species of mystery which formed part of her charm, by ascertaining who and what she was, he felt as if he could better break the spell. But all this was more vaguely felt than actually thought and acknowledged. Wilton would have laughed at any one who told him that his thoughts were all more or less pervaded by the quiet little girl who had shown such an unusual dislike to soldiers.

The friends reached Brosedale just as Sir Peter hoped they would not be late. The house—which was an old one, so largely added to, altered, and improved, that scarcely any of the original could be traced—was very like all rich men's houses where the women have no distinctive taste—handsome, ornate, and commonplace. Lady Fergusson was a fine, well-preserved woman, richly dressed in silk and lace. She received Major Moncrief and his friend with much cordiality, and presented them to her daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Gertrude Saville, and also to a nephew and niece who were staying in the house.

"My eldest daughter, who was with me when we had the pleasure of meeting you in town, is staying with her aunt, Lady Ashleigh, in Wiltshire," said the hostess to Moncrief. "She is quite enthusiastic about archaeology, and Ashleigh is in itself a treasure of antiquity."

Miss Helen Saville was a grand, tall brunette, with rich red lips and cheeks, luxuriant if somewhat coarse black hair, and large, round black eyes, that looked every one and every thing full in the face. Her sister was smaller, less dark, and in every way a faint copy of the great original. The niece was a plain girl, with good points, dressed effectively; and the nephew, a young lieutenant in some hussar regiment, who considered himself bound to fraternize with Wilton. The latter was told off to take in Miss Saville by Sir Peter, a small man, whose close-clipped white whiskers looked like mutton-chop patterns thickly floured. He had a quiet, not to say depressed air, and a generally dry-salted aspect, which made Wilton wonder, as he stood talking with him before the fire, at the stuff out of which the conquerors of fortune are sometimes made.

"What a beautiful country this is!" said Wilton to his neighbor, as his soup-plate was removed, and Ganymede, in well-fitting broadcloth, filled his glass.

"Strangers admire it, but it is by no means a good neighborhood."

"Indeed! I suppose, then, you are driven in upon your own resources?"

"Such as they are," with a smile displaying white but not regular teeth.

"No doubt they are numerous. Let me see; what are a young lady's resources—crochet, croquet, and curates, healing the sick and feeding the hungry?"

"Oh, I do none of those things. The crochet, croquet, and curates, are my sister's amusements, and I dislike both the sick and the hungry, although I have no objection to subscribe for them."

"Ah! you are terribly destitute; and you do not ride, or I should have met you."

"Yes, I am very fond of riding; but we have scarcely returned a week, and I have had a bad cold."

"Perhaps you draw?" asked Wilton, approaching his object from afar.

"No; I have always preferred music. None of us care for drawing, except my youngest sister."

"Indeed!" (looking across the table), "that is a pleasant variety from the crochet, croquet, and curates."

"No; not Gertrude—I mean Isabel. She is still in the school-room."

"Ah! And I suppose sketches with her governess?"

"Yes."

"As I imagined," thought Wilton, "my pretty companion is the governess. Perhaps she will be in the drawing-room when we go there. If so, I must lay the train for some future meeting."

"Pray, Colonel Wilton, are you any relation to a Mr. St. George Wilton we met at Baden last summer? He was, or is, *attaché* somewhere."

"He has the honor of being my first cousin once removed, or my third cousin twice removed—some relation, at all events. I am not at all well up in the ramifications of the family."

"Well, he is a very agreeable person, I assure you, quite a favorite with every one, and speaks all sorts of languages. There was

a Russian princess at Baden quite wild about him."

"Is it possible? These fair barbarians are impressionable, however. I have met the man you mention years ago. We were at that happy period when one can relieve the overburdened heart by a stand-up fight, and I have a delightful recollection of thrashing him."

Miss Saville laughed, and then said: "I hope you will be better friends when you meet again. I believe he is coming here next week."

"Oh, I promise to keep the peace—unless, indeed, I see him greatly preferred before me," returned Wilton, with a rather audacious look, which by no means displeased Miss Saville, who was of the order of young ladies that prefer a bold wooer.

While the talk flowed glibly at Sir Peter's end of the table, Lady Fergusson was delicately cross-examining Moncrief as to the social standing of his friend.

"Try a little melon, Major Moncrief. Pray help yourself. That port is, I believe, something remarkable." And you were saying Colonel Wilton is related to that curious old Lord St. George. We met a cousin of his—his heir, in fact—abroad last year, a very charming young man."

"Not his heir, Lady Fergusson, for my friend Ralph is the heir. I am quite sure of that."

"Indeed!" returned Lady Fergusson, blandly. "I dare say you are right;" and her countenance assumed a softer expression while she continued to bestow most flattering attentions upon the rather obtuse major.

The after-dinner separation seemed very long to Wilton, although he was a good deal interested by his host's observations upon Eastern matters; for Sir Peter was a shrewd, intelligent man; but at last they joined the ladies, and found their numbers augmented by a little girl of twelve or thirteen, and a rigid lady in gray silk, who was playing a duet with Miss Gertrude Saville. Wilton betook himself, coffee-cup in hand, to Miss Saville, who was turning over a book of photographs in a conspicuously-disengaged position.

"I have had quite an interesting disquisition with your father on the East and China. He evidently knows his subject."

"Sir Peter is not my father," said the young lady, with a tinge of haughtiness.

"True. I forgot," apologetically. "Ah! that is your little artist-sister. I am very fond of children."

"Are you? I am sure I am not, little tiresome, useless animals."

"Human nature in the raw, eh?"

"Yes; I prefer it dressed. Still, to quote an inelegant proverb, 'Too much cookery spoils the broth!' But some is quite essential. Here, Isabel, take my cup." The little girl approached and offered to take Wilton's.

"No! not at any age could I permit such a thing," said he, laughing. "And so you are the artist in the house of Saville! Are you very fond of drawing?"

"I used not to be until—," she began to reply, when her sister interrupted her.

"Look, Isabel, Miss Walker wants you. Miss Walker (Hooky Walker, as my Cousin Jim calls her, because she has a hooked nose) is the governess. I think poor Isabel is a little afraid of her. She is awfully clever, and very slow."

Wilton looked at her in deep disappointment; the mystery was growing more difficult. Perhaps, after all, Ella Rivers did not live at Brosedale! Now he recalled all she had said, he found she had not positively asserted that she lived there, or anywhere. Could it be possible that she had slipped from his grasp—that he would never see her again—was she only the wraith of a charming, puzzling girl? Pooh! what was it to him? His business was to enjoy three or four months' sport and relaxation. He was so far fortunate. His chum, Moncrief, had pitched on excellent shooting-quarters for their joint occupation. His campaign had proved a very remedial measure, for he was quite clear of his debts, and the good intentions of Lord St. George formed a pleasing if uncertain perspective. So Wilton reflected, while Miss Helen Saville performed a *tarantella* of marvelous difficulty, where accidental, abstruse harmonious discords, and double shakes, appalled the listening ear. When it was finished, the audience were properly complimentary, which homage the fair performer disregarded with a cool and lofty indifference highly creditable to her training in the school of modern young-ladyism.

"What an amount of study must be required to attain such skill!" said Wilton, as she returned to her seat near him. "Is it indiscreet to ask how many hours a day it took to produce all that?"

"Oh, not so very many. When I was in the school-room, I practised four or five; now much less keeps me in practice. Are you fond of music, Colonel Wilton?"

"Yes, I am extremely fond of it, in an ignorant way. I like old ballads, and soft airs, and marches, and all that low style of music suited to outside barbarians like myself." And Wilton, instinctively conscious that the brilliant Miss Saville admired him, bestowed a mischievous glance upon her as he spoke, not sorry, perhaps, to act upon the well-known principle of counter-irritation, to cure himself of the absurd impression made upon him by his chance encounter.

"I understand," returned Miss Saville, a little piqued, as he had intended she should be. "You look upon such compositions as I have just played as a horrid nuisance."

"Like a certain very bad spirit, I tremble and adore," said Wilton, laughing. "I have no doubt, however, that you could charm my savage breast, or rouse my martial fire, with 'Auld Robin Gray' or 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

"No, I cannot," replied Miss Saville, haughtily. "Gertrude sings a little, and, I believe, can give you 'Auld Robin Gray,' if you ask her."

"I shall try, at all events," said Wilton, amused at the slight annoyance of her tone, and rising to execute his purpose, when Helen, to his surprise, forestalled him by calling her sister to her very amiably, "Gertrude, will you sing for Colonel Wilton? I will

play your accompaniment." So the desired ballad was sung, very correctly and quite in tune, but as if performed by some vocal instrument utterly devoid of human feeling.

There was more music, and a good deal of talk about hunting arrangements; but Wilton was extremely pleased to be once more in the dog-cart, cigar in mouth, facing the fresh, brisk breeze, on their homeward way. The major, on the contrary, was in a far more happy frame of mind than at starting. He preferred hunting to shooting, and was highly pleased at the prospect of two days' hunting a week.

"You are right, Moncrief," said Wilton, as they bowled away over the smooth, hard road; "these country dinners and family parties ought to be devoutly avoided by all sensible men."

"I do not know," returned the mentor. "I think they are a very tolerable lot; and I fancy you found amusement enough with that slashing fine girl—you took very little notice of any one else, by Jove! I sometimes think I hate the lassies, they are such little-cattle. Now, a woman that's 'wooded and married and a' is safe, and may be just as pleasant."

"I acknowledge the fact, but I object to the morality," returned Wilton, laughing.

"You do? I was not aware of your regeneration."

"Hallo!" cried Wilton. "There's some one in front there, just under the shadow of that beech-tree."

"Yes, I thought I saw something. It's a child or a girl."

Wilton, who was driving, did not answer, though he drew up suddenly, and made a movement as if to throw aside the plaid that wrapped his knees and spring down.

"What are you about? are you daft, man?"

"Nothing, nothing. I fancied—here, Byrne, look at this trace; it is loose."

"Sure it's all right, sir."

"Is it? Never mind." And Wilton, after casting an eager look up a pathway which led from the beech-tree into the grounds of Brosedale, gathered up the reins and drove rapidly home.

It was about a week after the Brosedale dinner that Wilton had sallied forth, intending to ride over to Monksleugh. He had nearly resigned the idea of ever encountering his fair fellow-traveler again, though he could not shake off the conviction that the slight dim figure which had flitted from out the shade of the beech-tree, across the moonlight, and into the gloom of the Brosedale plantations, was that of Miss Rivers. Still, it was most strange that she should be there at such an hour—half-past ten at least—rather too enterprising for a young lady. Yet, if Moncrief had not been with him, he would certainly have given chase, and satisfied himself as to the identity of the child or woman who had crossed their path.

On this particular afternoon, however, Wilton's thoughts were occupied by the letters he had received that morning, one of which was from Lord St. George, who wrote to remind him of his promise to call when he passed through London again. The viscount

also mentioned that a former friend of his, the Earl of D—, would be in his (Wilton's) neighborhood early in November, and would probably call upon him.

Wilton smiled as he read this, remembering that the earl had three unmarried daughters. "A young gentleman," the writer continued, "calling himself St. George Wilton, left a card here some days ago, and was good enough to say that he would call again, which enabled me to forbid his admittance. He did not repeat the attempt, when he told my valet, whom he asked to see, that he was going to Scotland, and would probably see Colonel Wilton, if I had any commands. I imagine my obliging namesake is a son of Fred Wilton, who was in the navy—but not exactly the type of an honest, simple sailor. I would advise you not to be on too casually terms. I have heard, even in my cell, of the young gentleman's diplomatic astuteness."

Pondering on this epistle, and smiling at the sudden interest evinced toward him by the eccentric peer, Wilton rode leisurely toward Monksleugh, enjoying the splendid golden evening tinge in the sky, the rich and varied hues of wood and moorland, when a sudden turn in the road brought him face to face with a slight, gray figure, wearing a wide-brimmed hat, and carrying a small parcel. In an instant all the half-scorned but potent longings, the vivid picture-like recollections of tones and glances, that had haunted him even while he laughed at himself for being pervaded by them—all these absurd fancies he had so nearly shaken off rushed back in a torrent, and made his pulses leap at the immediate prospect of solving many mysteries.

He was dismounted and at her side in an instant. "I thought you had vanished—that I had lost you forever!" he exclaimed, with the sort of well-bred impetuosity peculiar to his manner; while, seeing that she made no motion to hold out her hand, he only lifted his hat.

The faint color came to her cheek as she raised her eyes frankly to his, with a brighter, merrier smile than he had seen upon her lip before. "Nevertheless, I have not been very far away."

"Have you been at Brosedale all the time—then how is it we have not met?"

"I cannot tell; but I have been at Brosedale."

Wilton threw the reins over his arm, and walked on beside her. "And are you all right again—recovered from your fright, and had sleep enough?" looking at her eagerly as he spoke, and noting the soft lustre of her eyes, the clear, pale cheek, the ripe red though not full lips, all so much fairer and fresher than when they parted.

"Yes, I am quite well, and rested." A pause. She was apparently not inclined to talk more than she could help.

"Do you know I quite expected to see you when I dined at Brosedale the other day—how was it you did not appear?"

"What! did you expect to see me at dinner? Do you, then, think I am a much-disguised princess?"

"Not so very much disguised," he replied, rather surprised at her tone.

She raised her eyes fully to his, with a look half amused, half scornful. "You might dine many times at Brosedale without seeing me. Do you know that Sir Peter Fergusson was married before, and he has one son—a poor, crippled, often-suffering boy of thirteen, I think? Well, this boy can do very little to amuse himself; he does not care for study, but he loves pictures and drawing, so I was engaged about a year ago to be, not his governess—I am too ignorant—not his companion—that would be a lady-in-waiting—but a *souffre douleur* and teacher of drawing. I live with my poor boy, who is never shown to visitors; and we are not unhappy together."

"I have heard of this son, but thought he was away; and you are always with him—very fortunate for him, but what a life for you!"

"A far better life than many women have," she replied, softly, looking away from him and speaking as if to herself.

"Still, it is an awful sacrifice!"

She laughed with real, sweet merriment. "That depends on what has been sacrificed. And you," she went on, with the odd independence of manner which, had her voice been less soft and low, her bearing less gentle, might have seemed audacious, "do you like Glenraven? Have you found many lovely bits of scenery?"

"I am charmed with the country; and, were I as fortunate as young Fergusson in a companion, I might even try my 'prentice-hand at sketching."

"If you will not try alone, neither will you even if Claude Lorraine came to cut your pencils."

"I wish," said Wilton, "I had a chance of cutting yours."

"But you have not," she returned, with a sort of indolent gravity not in the least coquettish, and a pause ensued. Wilton had seldom felt so adrift with any woman; perfectly frank and ready to talk, there was yet a strange half-cold indifference in her manner that did not belong to her fair youth, and upon which he dared not presume, though he chafed inwardly at the mask her frankness offered.

"I suppose you are kept very much in the house with your—pupil?" asked Wilton.

"Sometimes; he has been very unwell since I came back. But he has a pony-carriage, and he drives about, and I drive it occasionally; but it pains him to walk, poor fellow! He is interested in some things. He wished much to see you and hear about the Crimea and India."

"I am sure," cried Wilton, with great readiness, "I should be most happy to see him or contribute to his amusement—pray tell him so from me."

"No, I cannot," with a shake of the head; "Lady Fergusson is so very good she thinks every thing wrong; and to walk upon a country-road with a great man like you would be worse than wrong—it would be shocking!"

Wilton could not refrain from laughing at the droll gravity of her tone, though in some indefinable way it piqued and annoyed him.

"Well, they are all out of the way—they

have driven over to A—. Have they not?"

"Yes, and therefore there was no one to send to Monksleugh to choose some prints that Donald wanted very much for a screen we are making, so I went."

"And so at last I had the pleasure of meeting you. I had begun to fear I should never have a chance of asking if you had recovered from your fright; for, though no woman could have shown more pluck, you must have been frightened."

"I was, indeed, and I do not think I am naturally brave; but I must bid you good-morning—my way lies through the plantations."

"No, no! you must not send me adrift—are we not comrades? We have faced danger together; and I am sure you are not influenced by Lady Fergusson's views."

"Lady Fergusson! pooh!"

There was wonderful, airy, becoming grace in the pant which seemed to blow defiance like a kiss to the immaculate Lady Fergusson. "Nevertheless, I must say good-bye, for your horse could not get through that."

She pointed to a small swing-gate, which led from the road to a path across a piece of rough heath-grown ground, between the road and the woods.

"Do you forbid me to escort you farther?" said Wilton, quickly.

She thought an instant. "Were I going to walk along the road I should not," the faintest color stealing over her cheek as she spoke; "it is pleasant to talk with a new person sometimes, but I cannot alter my route."

Wilton laughed, and, mounting rapidly, rode to the farther side of the wide waste border, where there was almost a small common; rousing up his horse he rushed him at the fence separating Sir Peter's land from the road, and landed safely within the boundary just as his companion passed through the gate.

She gave a slight suppressed scream, and as he again dismounted and joined her she looked very pale.

"How could you be so foolish as to do so!" she exclaimed, almost angry. "You have frightened me."

"I am extremely sorry, but you can know little of country-life; any man accustomed to hunt, and tolerably mounted, could have done as much."

She shook her head and walked on in silence, most embarrassing to Wilton. "I hope I have not displeased you," he said, earnestly, trying to look into her eyes; "but I thought I had your permission to accompany you a little farther."

"Yes, but who could imagine you would commit such an eccentricity as to take a leap like that?"

"I do not allow it was an eccentricity; I suppose you absolve me?"

"Absolve *te*!—and the horse also. What a beautiful horse; how gently he follows you! I should so much like to sketch him; I fear I do not sketch animals well; I do not catch their character. Oh! could I sketch him now!" stopping short, and speaking

with great animation. "Ah! I am too unreasonable—how could I ask you?"

The faint flitting flush that gave so much charm to her countenance, the sudden lighting up of her dark eyes with childlike eagerness, so unlike their usual expression of rather sad indifference, fascinated Wilton strangely; it was an instant before he replied: "Of course you shall sketch him; I have nothing to do, and am very glad to be of any service to you."

"Thank you, thank you very much! See," as she hastily unfolded her parcel, "I had just bought a new sketch-book, and you have provided a frontispiece." She seated herself on one of the large gray stones that dotted the piece of ground they were crossing, and quickly pointed a pencil. "There, turn his head a little toward me—not quite so much; that will do."

For some time Wilton stood still and silent, watching the small, white, deft fingers as they firmly and rapidly traced the outline, or put in the shading with broad, bold strokes; occasionally he quieted the horse with a word, while he stored his memory with the pretty, graceful figure, from a tiny foot half-buried in the soft, short grass to the well-set, haughty head and neck. "It is curious," he thought; "here is a girl, in almost a menial position, with all the attributes of race, and a pair of eyes a king's daughter might pine to possess. Who can she be? What is her history? Why did she venture out alone when she ought to have been going to bed? I shall ask her." These ideas passed through Wilton's brain, although any clear continuity of thought was considerably impeded by the intermittent glimpses of a pair of full, deep-blue eyes, alternately upturned and down-cast.

Suddenly Wilton was ordered: "Look away—over your horse's neck;" and when, having preserved this position for several moments, he attempted to assume a more agreeable attitude, he was met with an eager "Pray be still for a little longer."

At last he was released.

"There," said his new acquaintance, "I will keep you no longer; you have been very kind. See, how have I done it?"

Wilton looked eagerly at the page held out to him.

"It is wonderfully good for so hasty a sketch," he said; "the head and foreleg are capital, and, as far as I can judge, the likeness to the back of my head first-rate."

"I can generally catch the likeness of people," she returned, looking at the page and touching it here and there.

"Was that the reason you told me to look away?" asked Wilton, smiling.

"No; I did not wish your face in my book." Then, coloring and looking up, "Not that I forget your kindness to me. No; but, you understand, if Lady Fergusson found Mr.—that is, Colonel—Wilton's face in my book it would be the most shocking—the superlative shocking! Ah, there is no word enormous enough for such a 'shocking!'" And she laughed low but merrily. Wilton found it catching and laughed too, though it puzzled him to reply. She went on: "You would have come in better for the picture

had you had your soldier's dress on, holding the horse and looking thus; and then, with some bright coloring, it might have been called 'On the Alert,' or some such thing, and sold for a hundred pence. I have seen this sort of sketches often in picture-shops." She spoke quickly, as if to cover a slight embarrassment, as she put away her pencils and book.

"Well, Miss Rivers, both Omar here and myself will be most happy to sit, or rather stand, for you whenever you like."

"Ah, I shall never have another opportunity," she replied, walking toward the next fence and swing-gate, which led into the wood.

"You threatened as much when I bade you good-by, that I was never to see you again, and yet we have met; so I shall not be utterly downcast by your present prophecy."

She did not reply for a minute, and then exclaimed: "Suppose I were ever to succeed in making painting my career, would you, when you are a great nobleman—as Miss Saville says you will be—sit to me for your picture? And then we should have, in the catalogue of the year's exhibition, 'Portrait of the Earl—or Duke—of Blank, by Ella Rivers.'"

"I can only say I will sit to you when and where you will."

"Ah, the possibility of independent work is too charming! But I forget myself—what o'clock is it?"

"Quarter to three," said Wilton, looking at his watch.

"Then I have been out too long. See how low the sun is! What glorious sunset hues! But I must not stay. Oh, how I hate to go in! How I love the liberty of the open air—the free, unwallied space! I feel another being in the prison of a great house. If you met me there, you would not know me. I should not dare to look up; I should speak with bated breath, as if you were a superior. Can you fancy such a thing?"

"No; the wildest stretch of my imagination could not suggest such an idea. But can you not keep out a little longer?" There was a strained, yearning look in her eyes that touched Wilton to the heart.

"Impossible! My poor Donald will be cross and wretched. And you—you must go. I am foolish to have talked so much."

"You must let me come a little farther; that fence up there is considerably stiffer than the last, but I think Omar will take it."

"No, no, no!" clasping her hands.

"Yet you are not easily frightened. A young lady that can venture on a moonlight ramble when less adventurous people are going to bed must have strong nerves."

"Did you recognize me, then?" she interrupted, not in the least disturbed by his question, but offering no explanation of her appearance at such an hour. "Yes, I am not cowardly in some things. However, I must say good-morning."

"And you will not permit me to come any farther?"

"No!"—He felt her "no" was very earnest.—"Nay, more, I will stay here until I see you safe at the other side of that fence again."

There was a quaint, unembarrassed decision in her tone that somewhat lessened the pleasure with which he heard her.

"I assure you, it is not worth your while to watch so insignificant a feat of horsemanship; that fence is a nothing."

"It does not seem so to me. It is possible an accident might happen, and then you would have no help. It would not be right to go on, and leave you to chance."

"If you will, then, I shall not keep you long. But, Miss Rivers, shall you not want to visit Monksleugh soon again? Have you abjured the picturesque braes of Glenraven? Is there no chance of another artistic talk with you?"

"No! Scarcely any possibility of such a thing. Good-by! I am much obliged for the sketch you granted me. My good wishes!"—a slight, proudly-gracious bend of the head—"but go!" She stood with her parcel tightly held, not the slightest symptom of a shake of the hand; and, bold man of the world as he was, Wilton felt he must not presume to hold out his; he therefore sprang into the saddle, and was soon over the fence and on the road. He raised his hat, and received a wave of the hand in return.

He remained there until she vanished through the gate, and then, touching his impatient horse with the heel, rode at speed to Monksleugh, whence, having accomplished his errand, he made a considerable *détour*; so that evening had closed in, and the major was waiting for dinner when he reached the lodge.

"Where have you been?" demanded his hungry senior. Wilton replied by an elaborate description of his progress, *minus* the leading incident. The care he took to mislead his friend and mask his own movements was surprising almost to himself. Yet, as he reflected, what was there in the whole adventure to conceal? No harm, certainly. Nor was Moncrief a man who would jest coarsely, or draw wicked inferences. Still, it was impossible that he or any man could understand the sort of impression Ella (it was extraordinary how readily her name came to his mind) had made upon him, unless he knew her; and even then, what opinion would a cool, shrewd, common-sense fellow like Moncrief form? He (Wilton) himself was, he feared, an impressionable idiot, and, no doubt, exaggerated effects. Nevertheless, those soft, deep eyes, with their earnest, yearning expression, haunted him almost painfully. If he could see them again, perhaps the effect would wear off; and, without thinking of the consequences, he most resolutely determined to see her as soon as he could possibly manage to do so, without drawing down any unpleasantness on that curious, puzzling, *piquante* girl. Major Moncrief little imagined the vivid gleams of recollection and conjecture which ever and anon shot athwart the current of his companion's ideas, as he took his part in a discussion on the probable future of the army in India with apparent interest, and even eagerness. The major's intelligence was keen so far as it went, but that was not far; therefore, though good comrades and excellent friends, they seldom agreed in opinion, Wilton's mental

views being greatly wider: the result of the difference being that Moncrief considered Wilton "a fine fellow, but deucedly visionary—unpractical, in short," except in regimental matters; while Wilton spoke confidentially of the major as "a capital old boy, but blind as a bat in some directions."

"Well, I maintain that we will never have such men again as the soldiers and diplomats trained under the old company. Why, even the officers of humbler grade—the Jacobs and Greens, to say nothing of Edwards and a lot more—have very few equals in the queen's service."

"True enough," replied Wilton, a little absently. "We have too much pipe-clay and red-tape." So spake he with his lips, while his brain was striving busily to solve the question, "What could have brought her out at night through the lonely woods? Was it possible that any motive less strong than an appointment with a lover could have braced a slight, nervous girl (for, though plucky, she is nervous) to such an undertaking? But, if she cared enough for any one to dare it, it would be worth braving a good deal to meet her." The picture suggested was rather fascinating, for the major exclaimed, "I say, Wilton, are you asleep?" and brought their discussion to an end.

THE MASK OF MR. TWELLIGER.

IN the spring of 1868 I was ordered south with a dear young relative who was threatened with consumption. We have found out now, fortunately, that lungs can be cured as well as other portions of the human frame. No one need die because these delicate functions are attacked.

But my physician told me to go, if possible, away from the great centres where the consumptive patients congregated, for he said they did the worst of all possible things—they talked to each other, and did each other no end of mischief from a profound sympathy, and a desire to measure each his own malady.

"Unconsciousness of the extent of disease is the best help to recovery," said the wise man of medicine.

So I took Frank P— into my confidence—he knew the whole South, was a typical Southerner himself—making you in love with every thing of which he approved; the most generous, faithful, and ardent of men, an intense secessionist while the war lasted, and the most sensible of reconstructionists when it ended.

"I know where I will send you," said Frank—"to Mrs. Twelliger's. That is far enough from every thing for even you. You shall travel by train three days, then sail for a day and a half up a river, and then drive half a day in a wagon, over not the best of roads. There you will find what was once a too typical Southern house, belonging to a very rich and important man—Mr. Twelliger. He was the sort of fellow to be accepted by you Northerners as a dreadful example of what 'our institutions' make—the fact being that Twelliger and his sister were great odd-

ities—she, embittered by a sad love-disappointment in early youth. There was a vein of insanity, too, on the mother's side, who was a *Kleptomaniac*."

"Good gracious!" said I, "you are not going to send us among thieves, murderers, and maniacs, I hope?"

"No, not at all; the present Mrs. Twelliger was a Baltimorean of great beauty—she is now a widow. Her children are charming and promising creatures, and she will be a delightful hostess. You will have to put up with some *désagrémens* from the remoteness of her house, but I think it will be more than made up to you by her powers of attraction."

So we sailed off up one river, and drove on through the hedges of Cherokee roses, which were just in blossom, the sweetest and most perfect of wild, white roses, and finally arrived at Standish Hall. How curious to find this Puritan name down in the heart of Alabama!

There it was, a handsome, stately ruin; and, standing in a porch which had once been superb, with some young people about her, and three or four old negroes, was the handsomest woman I had ever seen.

She was in a black dress and a widow's cap, with her still fine hair brushed plainly from her brow. Her eyes were the largest, blackest, most heavily-fringed eyes I ever saw. I never could stop looking at them. The lashes seemed to curl up until they almost reached the brows, which in their turn were so delicate and penciled that you forgot their intense blackness. The complexion, worn by sorrow and ill-health, was pale and sallow; but the teeth were unrivaled in perfection of form and tint. She was tall, slender, and graceful.

I kept her waiting a full minute while I admired her. She smiled a little, as if she knew the reason why, and as if she was not displeased. Beauty and Admiration were a long way off, but they had not been entirely forgotten by Mrs. Twelliger. No beautiful woman can forget the days of homage and power. She would be no woman if she did.

We soon found ourselves inside a very stately, dilapidated house, where great pains had been taken to make two or three rooms comfortable. The effort had been successful enough for our modest wishes, and we had no end of amusement in watching the entirely new mode of life about us, and no end of pleasure in talking with and admiring Mrs. Twelliger.

She did most of the cooking herself, assisted by an old negress, whom she called Phillis, and her kitchen was so open to the winds and the animals that we once had an "omelet soufflée" really blown out of the window, and a little turkey got his feet caught in a hot flannel-cake.

Yet the cooking was delicious, and the few poor old servants attentive and most agreeable and amusing. They could not make up a fire on a cold evening very quickly, but they liked to run of errands for us, and to cook every thing at impossible hours. If we had asked for dinner in the middle of the night, they would have been delighted. One old rheumatic fellow played on the ban-

jo, another on the violin, and, as there were half a dozen young people in the house, and as many more in the circuit of six miles, we had many balls of an easily-improvised character. Mrs. Twelliger and I could play on the piano, but the high notes of that instrument were too flat for the Strauss waltzes, and we had no tuner at hand. So we got up charades, tableaux, Shakespearean readings, and intellectual games, when the spirit of dancing flagged, until Standish Hall absolutely reeled under the unwonted pressure of gay and inoffensive dissipation.

The wittiest, most accomplished, and most charming player of games, guesser of twenty questions, Shakespearean reader, and charade-inventor, was our hostess. She never seemed tired or out of spirits while the young people were about. When they were all away on some picnic, she and I would remain alone, and I would see the sad cloud of reverie settle down on her beautiful face. Her great anxiety was to get her children educated. One son named Herbert, and one daughter, Nadine, were old enough to leave home. She had taken her boarders, she told me, in order to make some money for them. Her youngest child, Adelaide, was like herself, with those unspeakably beautiful eyes. She was young enough to stay with her mother yet a few years. These children were already very well grounded in Latin and French and the English branches; but she had no teacher for mathematics and music—for these they must be sent to a Northern school. Before we departed this was arranged, and Herbert and Nadine went to seek their educational fortunes in Baltimore and Philadelphia, where their mother was still most agreeably remembered.

But not until a grand entertainment was given at Standish Hall—private theatricals, charades, tableaux, and dancing; flannel-cake and fried chicken, and beautiful oranges, for the feast. We had to be *corps dramatique*, audience, and waiters ourselves. It was a new version of John Phoenix's entertainment:

Royal Bengal Tiger.....	Mr. Mullett.
Real Highlander.....	Mr. Mullett.
Picture of the Virgin.....	Mr. Mullett.
Eruption of Mount Vesuvius.....	Mr. Mullett.

Yes, "Mr. Mullett" did a great many things that evening, but I have never seen so much happiness gotten out of such sparse material.

Nadine, a beautiful blond girl, quite unlike her mother, had been begging several days for a certain fancy-dress, which was locked up in some forbidden closet. Mrs. Twelliger seemed strangely moved at this request, but finally consented to allow it to be used.

To my surprise, on the night of the entertainment, Nadine appeared most exquisitely attired in a fancy-dress, which, for fidelity and elegance, might have come from the hand of Worth the day before.

At the risk of offending my male readers, I must gratify my lady readers by describing it. It was a dove-colored velvet, close-fitting to the figure, with long, sweeping train, trimmed with the skin of the grebe-duck, which had been dyed rose-color. This made

the softest, most brilliant of edgings. The body was fringed with "Brandenburgs," as those immense "frogs" are called which one sees on military dresses. The habit-skirt was heavily trimmed with lace, and buttoned with opal studs. Around the throat was a pink-cashmere cravat. Nadine's hair, blond and curly, was surmounted by a broad-brimmed, dove-colored Montpensier hat, with a delicate-pink ostrich-feather. It was fastened on one side by a splendid brooch of opals. On one hand she had an embroidered gauntlet; the other was bare.

As this brilliant and delicate vision stood before me, I could not believe my eyes—such a dress, in such a ruined house! The lace and jewels were enough to buy a modern wardrobe with—what did it mean?

Mr. Twelliger had burst into tears as this beautiful picture appeared on the scene, and had retired hastily. As Nadine went on playing her part with great vivacity, Herbert (who I thought had more heart than his sister) whispered to me that Nadine should not have insisted on wearing that dress.

"It is too sad for poor mamma," said he.

The dress disappeared, and the children went off, and Mrs. Twelliger and I became the closest of friends. She told me some parts of her history, and at my request gave me a written account of her most romantic and tragic life when we parted. I give it in her own rather quaint and a little old-fashioned style, wishing that I could add the attraction of her voice and manner; for, although I read the story to myself, I saw and heard *her* in it, and could not but picture the gay and beautiful belle, in the widow's cap and the shabby black gown, cooking dinners for us with a pair of hands which might have belonged to a duchess, and remembering all the while her undying cheerfulness, and the sweetness and pertinacity with which she kept up her pretty accomplishments and her graces, for her children's sake. Mrs. Twelliger is my pet heroine, and I am happy to say that all goes well with her now, except that she is no longer young.

"I shall not trouble you with my youth," began dear Mrs. Twelliger, in her pretty handwriting, which looked as if a crow had daintily stepped over the paper—it was a peculiar hand, like herself—"I shall begin with a certain winter in Florence, whither I had been taken by my uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar. I was their adopted child, and have never known other parents. I was a great belle, and a beauty, I suppose, from the commotion I excited. It seems a poor thing now, but it was pleasant then.

"My rival and intimate friend was the Russian Countess Nadine, the most superb blonde. We took music-lessons together, and I must acknowledge she was the most fascinating person I had ever known. She could make even women like her—what did she not do to men? Like many of her countrywomen, she told fibs—in fact, I do not believe she had the slightest idea of truth; but she was a beauty, a wit, and, I still think, had an amiable temper and a good heart. It certainly is generous of me to say so, for she took all her own happiness, and mine, too.

"We were both in love with one man, Herbert Eustace, the most graceful Englishman I have ever seen, the beau and pet of Florence that winter. He was always with us, and for a long time I believed he loved Nadine, until one moonlit evening on the Cassine he put the subject beyond all doubt by telling me that he loved me.

"My aunt was a very queer character. I am telling you a story of 'Masks and Faces.' My aunt's mask was that of a prudish virtue. She deceived herself, I think. She was very religious, and would not go to balls and parties in Lent; but then she hated them always. She would play whist in Lent, and that she adored. So on with all self-renunciation—she renounced 'the sin she had no mind to.'

"She starved not her sin, but she starved something else—a sort of heathen burnt-offering went up interminably from her altars, but she remained a self-satisfied and very selfish woman. For some reason or other, she hated Herbert Eustace.

"My uncle, good, easy-going man, was her slave. His was the more generous nature, so he yielded. He left his fortune to the care of his agent, and his happiness to the care of his wife; they both lost for him. So, in the midst of my Florentine triumphs, came the humiliating announcement to me, through my kind uncle, that I had 'better marry, and not without a view to fortune,' for that he was not so rich as I supposed. My aunt went on virtuously playing cards.

"There came off at this moment a superb fancy-ball, and Nadine and I were to be the belles, beauties, and attraction of it, we were told so by a hundred tongues.

"My dress, taken from a description I had read of that of Armande, wife to Molière, you have already seen. I had added to it the perfume so admired at that period, called 'Soupirs au Roi.' It was composed of heliotrope, attar of roses, and violet. The perfume was subtle and delicious; the dress was as becoming as beautiful.

"Forgive me if I have been trivial in these details. It was the last illuminated page in a volume full of gloomy recollections. Remember that in that dress I bade adieu to my happiness.

"My Adelaide, you are a glorious-looking woman!" said my proud old uncle, as I entered the room on his arm.

"What a glittering scene it was, that fancy-ball of Madame de C—in Florence! As I look back at it, through years of chilling sorrow and disappointment, and see again its glittering lights, its jewels, its fair women and noble men; as I see my own youthful figure, with its waving, roseate plume; as I hear again the murmur of admiration which followed—I wonder at the cruelty of Fate that can take a woman from such triumphs as these to disappointments wholly disproportioned to her strength, her experience, and wholly too great for punishment, when her sins can only be those of her education and surroundings. But I must not murmur.

"There is One who knows!

"Nadine was there, gloriously beautiful, she was 'L'Étoile du Nord.' The peasant Catherine became an empress! Her jewels,

the old ancestral, Russian, princely diamonds—of course, the American girl could not cope with those! and yet they said her dress did not pale mine.

"The first stab I received under my dove-colored *juste au corps*, was to see Herbert Eustace bending over her, with an adoring smile, and to notice that his bow to me was cold and formal.

"However, the atmosphere of compliments, of magnetic pleasure, began to envelop me. The French ambassador asked me to dance; an English duke took me out; I was the belle, there was no doubt of it, and my silly little head was turned. When Herbert came tardily to ask me to dance I refused him, and felt delighted as I saw the flush of pain on his face. For that one piece of folly I was to suffer twenty years. How many a girl yields to such an impulse, and is only the greater belle!

"It was at this essentially womanish moment of my life, when I had plunged a dagger into my own heart in order to bestow a pinprick on another, that my hostess presented 'Mr. Twelliger.' A man with a young face and perfectly white hair; a face handsome, perhaps, but which gave me the feeling that it was a mask—so contradictory were its expressions of eye and mouth, certainly an extraordinary person—an eye like a basilisk, thin, firm, cruel mouth, and the finest teeth and sweetest voice I ever heard!

"The dress of Armande, wife to Molière, and very accurately rendered," said Mr. Twelliger.

"It was a pretty compliment, and the first detection of the origin of the dress.

"Mr. Twelliger asked me to dance, and, as we parted, he pressed my handkerchief to his lips and said, softly:

"*Soupirs au roi*. You are, indeed, pre-Raphaelite—the *grande monarque* never had a prettier compliment!"

"I detected Herbert's eyes fixed on me with a sorrowful surprise. I was pained and pleased—for, had he not been flirting with Nadine?

"And so I appeared for a moment longer to be absorbed in Mr. Twelliger.

"When we got home, we found my aunt in a bad humor, and in a game of solitaire. My uncle endeavored to propitiate her.

"Our little Adelaide has had a brilliant success, my dear. I think she has captivated the rich Mr. Twelliger, of the South."

"I hope my niece Adelaide will marry for something better than money," said my aunt.

"Ah! it was years before I found out that she had dismissed Herbert—had brought about the interview with Mr. Twelliger, that she was the evil genius of my life, under her mask!

"However, I knew that it was a bad sign when my aunt began in the highly-moral strain; so, next morning at breakfast, she told us of the bad news which she had received from home. Ruin was coming fast upon us. It was not until long after that I heard that Herbert had called, and had been refused.

"Mr. Twelliger was, however, invited to dinner. In a few days my uncle brought me

a formal proposal of marriage from Mr. Twelliger.

"Do not accept him if you do not love him, Adelaide," said the good old man, but his pale face moved me more than words.

"I married him—married Mr. Twelliger! I told him I did not love him, but he said he would love me enough for both. He told me of his great estates, of the position of power and usefulness which I should have as a Southern lady; he was gentle, considerate, and full of tact, not worrying me with demands for a love I could not give, but behaving with such generosity that I could not but respect him. Of one thing I was profoundly convinced—his gentleness; I never heard that sweet voice raised; I never saw him startled from that dignified self-control. The violence which the world attributed to the Southern planter was foreign to Mr. Twelliger. He was a most accomplished person, speaking the languages, and a perfect man of the world. Every one congratulated my aunt on having done so well by her niece, and, when Mr. Twelliger sent me a beautiful *parure* of diamonds, the world of Florence declared that I had done well.

"I saw Herbert but once after this.

"So you are to marry Mr. Twelliger?" said he, and then I heard, for the first time, of his baffled efforts to see me, of letters returned, of his mortified and wounded feelings. 'I am but a younger son,' said he. 'I am no match, like Mr. Twelliger.'

"We were married in Paris, and took a tour through Switzerland; then I first made the acquaintance of the colored servants of Mr. Twelliger, who had, I found, accompanied him—Caesar, his valet, and Batavia, Caesar's wife, whom Mr. Twelliger wished me to take for my attendant. She was so much attached to her husband, Mr. Twelliger explained, that he had brought her with him to Europe.

"Bat, as she was called, was an ugly, repulsive yellow woman, and I took a distaste to her from the first. But she was clever and attentive, and wholly capable. I had received a blow which had stunned my natural energies; I did not care to fight for any small thing. Bat took me, my trunks, my dresses, every thing, into her own hands, and I sank into acquiescence.

"Traveling was over, we were going home. Mr. Twelliger was very much in love with me, and I had grown to think of him with kindness at least. I determined to do my duty to him, and to accept the new conditions which were forced upon me.

"A long ride through low, tangled brushwood, parasitical plants hanging from the branches of the high trees; a low, depressing feeling in the air, Mr. Twelliger sitting by my side, gloomy and silent, and Caesar and Bat chattering behind me—such was my approach to my new home.

"I saw, at length, Standish Hall. The external effect was grand and imposing. Not, as now, tumbling to pieces, it then was externally handsome. Troops of negroes, starting as if from sleep, rushed toward the grand avenue; a white overseer appeared, noisily ordering them away.

"Mr. Twelliger assisted me to alight, and kissed my hands as he did so.

"Welcome home," said he.

"Within, torn and damp hangings, alternate squalor and magnificence, dirt and disorder and splendor, contended for the mastery.

"I sank on a sofa in the hall, and burst into tears.

"Adelaide," said my husband, harshly, 'my sister waits to speak to you.'

"I started up, drying my eyes hastily.

"Welcome to Standish Hall, Mrs. Twelliger," said a tall, stiff, severe, unhappy-looking woman.

"I responded as well as I could, and asked to be shown to my room—pleaded fatigue and a headache.

"What a room! rafters uncovered, floor rattling, a magnificent set of bedroom furniture broken and defaced, a few ornaments standing dejectedly about, as if wondering at their isolation, the same alternate magnificence and decay that I had noticed before. I threw myself on my bed, and wept the violent and unreasonable tears of youth.

"A gentle hand was laid on my brow, a gentle voice said:

"Please, missus, let me take your bonnet off."

"I looked up into a pair of pleasant brown eyes; there was compassion in that face.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Please, missus, I'm Phillis. I've gwine to wait on you."

"So Phillis removed my soiled garments, bathed my aching head, dressed my hair, paid me ingenious compliments, and contrived, with the half-savage tact of her race, to put me in possession of several facts which it would be well for me to know.

"In an hour I descended to dinner, to find Mr. Twelliger in the same soiled dress in which he had arrived. I approached and he'd out my hand; he gave me a gracious kiss, and seemed as polite as ever, but I had a feeling that I had offended him.

"Broken sets of china, silver the color of pewter, expensive wines, many courses of a well-cooked dinner, four or five half-trained waiters, one of whom laughed in a fiendish way when I looked at him—such was the meal! I soon found that Miss Twelliger was the mistress of the house, nor did I attempt to trouble her, my dejection was too deep; I only asked to exist and to have Phillis about me.

"Anything like reform was out of the question. Mr. Twelliger sank into a gloomy, queer state; I could not understand what or why he was doing any thing, thinking any thing. He was afraid of his sister, and afraid of Bat, who appeared again, dominant, on the scene.

"The secret was not long put off. I heard one day a strange, gloomy cry from the hall below, and then a struggle. I ran to the half-built and broken banister-rail, and looked over. Mr. Twelliger was struggling with two of the men-servants, who were calling aloud for Bat. His white hair was in the wildest disorder, his cravat torn off, and he was raving.

"I rushed to his rescue, believing that he

had been assaulted by the men, when I was seized by an arm from behind—it was Miss Twelliger's.

"It is only one of my brother's attacks, you had better not go down. Bat knows what to do;" and, as she spoke, I saw Bat approach with a large garment, which she threw over Mr. Twelliger, and drew him submissively into a lower room which I had never entered.

"So the mask of Mr. Twelliger had fallen. He was a maniac, a madman, the inheritor of his mother's malady, and Cæsar and Bat were his keepers. He had married me with this terrible secret untold, and I was here, under his power, and under that eye of his sister. I had no escape. My uncle was dead, he died shortly after my marriage, and my aunt I knew would not befriend me; whither should I turn, ah! where?

"I wrote some despairing letters to my Northern friends, but, alas! they never left Standish Hall! Miss Twelliger was too good a watchman for that. She had affected surprise when I told her that I knew nothing of Mr. Twelliger's malady, and said that he had told my uncle and aunt.

"One precaution I beg of you to observe, Mrs. Twelliger," said she; 'never mention my brother's malady to him, it will be as much as your life is worth; when he recovers, receive him with your usual calm indifference; I am sure you know how to assume that.'

"A few days after, Mr. Twelliger appeared at dinner, unusually well dressed, and unusually kind and attentive to me. I obeyed his sister, and received him as if nothing had happened.

"A few days after this Herbert was born. I had now become of importance in the eyes of Miss Twelliger, and she saw me well and carefully nursed. My dear old Phillis was my constant attendant; do you wonder I named the boy as I did? My happiness seemed for a moment to come back to me.

"Nadine was born two years after, during one of the most terrible of Mr. Twelliger's attacks. With a sorrowful heart I named her for the woman who, as I have said, carried off her own and my happiness; but you do not yet know that part of the story.

"So on through five years more of sorrow, privation, and heart-break, I lived, Mr. Twelliger never unkind to me, but with this dreadful ghost between us. I began, however, to perceive that his health was better; I devoted myself very much to studying the physical causes which led to these attacks, and I succeeded sometimes in averting them. His love for me, something in my temperament—his children—all, all were working in his favor. We took a journey to the North, and went to some entertainments in the cities where I had once been well known. I wore my diamonds for the first time, but, alas! what a faded and sorrowful face they now adorned!

"At a great ball in New York we were to meet, we heard, Lord Alsteyne and his beautiful wife. As I entered the handsome ball-room I saw near my hostess, and evidently the guest of the evening, Nadine, my old friend and rival.

"Lady Alsteyne, Mrs. Twelliger," said the lady of the house.

"And her husband was Herbert Eustace, now the head of his house. He came to me and told me all that had passed; how his father and elder brother had died, and how he had followed Nadine to Russia and married her. I have always wondered that I lived through that evening, but I did, and laughed and smiled with the best of them. Lady Alsteyne was superb, and she referred not ungraciously to my 'lost health,' told me I must come to England and grow stout like herself, praised my diamonds and black-velvet dress; was herself—the worldly, cold, fascinating Northern icicle!

"But Herbert took my hand and looked long and pityingly in my eyes; he was regretting my lost happiness.

"At this moment a loud shriek rang from the supper-room. I knew well what it was. Mr. Twelliger had been seized with one of his worst attacks. I reached him to see him in the grasp of two or three men, to whom I explained briefly his malady. I threw my shawl over him and led him away; as I did so the last pair of eyes which met mine were those of Nadine!

"After our melancholy return home Mr. Twelliger slowly improved, to be again agitated by the political troubles growing out of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and I fell into a fever. My sorrows were greater than I could bear; I sympathized deeply with the South, and I saw her approaching sufferings. Before I recovered I had occasion to send Phillis down to the nearest city to do some shopping for me, and she was sitting by my bedside showing me the fruits of her expedition, when Miss Twelliger came in and accused her of stealing some valuable silver.

"The charge was brought home to Phillis with terrible nicety; she was supposed to have sold the silver, and to have given the money to her husband, July, who was the worst and most clever negro on the plantation.

"July was taken up and searched, and had a sum of money about him for which he could not account. They were both whipped, and July carried off. Phillis was sent to the field, and Bat brought in to wait on me.

"Under these conditions poor little Adelaide was born, and I often thought, as I saw the yellow visage of her nurse bending over her, of the lines—

'... like the bat of Indian brakes,
Whose pinions soothe the wound she makes.'

For Bat suggested a vampire, and I thought she would, if she chose, suck the little baby's blood and mine, too; but these were sick-fancies.

"Before I was recovered, Miss Twelliger again burst into my room to tell me that my diamonds had been stolen. Phillis had taken them, with the silver.

"I did not believe one word of Phillis's guilt, but I was rather afraid that July had been the thief; at any rate, I was powerless, and matters were beyond my control.

"The breaking out of the war, and the call to arms, found us thus: Mr. Twelliger, full of enthusiasm, ready to obey the call; Miss Twelliger, warmed to fury against the North; I, passive, pale, miserable, hugging my un-

conscious children to my heart, and fighting the giant Despair.

"They left me—Mr. Twelliger for the field, with Caesar and Bat as his attendants; Miss Twelliger to be matron of a hospital. They did not know or notice that I brought Phillis back from her unmerited disgrace, and she has never left me since. I had a hard fight to keep the wolf from the door; I suffered for food and clothing; I trembled often for the precious young lives I alone lived for; but these few faithful blacks never left me, and we lived. Are you astonished when I tell you that this was the happiest period of my married life?

"Once, in desperation to get material for clothing for the children, I went to a deserted old garret, where my trunks had been stored. One, with a peculiar lock, had defied the deft hands of Bat and the others. I had it broken open. There lay the dove-colored velvet of the Florentine ball, a perfect *Ginevra* of a dress, imprisoned in its youth and beauty, to be taken out when the world had forgotten it. I carried it down to amuse the poor children, whose faces were already pinched with famine, but who had not lost—thank God—the inextinguishable gayety of childhood. They were delighted at the gay colors, the rosy plume, the dazzling buttons. They insisted that I should put it on.

"So, with the help of Phillis, I once more donned the dress. Something of light came back to my eyes, something of youthful bloom to my cheek, as I did so. The awful chasm of buried hopes which lay between this and the past seemed bridged over as the children danced around me.

"Suddenly we heard a horse's hoofs coming up the avenue, and Mr. Twelliger was in the room before I had time to escape.

"How shocked and mortified I was that he should find me masquerading in the midst of so much misery—he gaunt and pale in his gray coat.

"Yet, with the courteous air and manner of the old time, he smiled, took my hand, and pressed it to his lips, saying, 'The costume of Armande, wife to Molière, and the perfume of *Soupirs au roi*' hangs round it still.'

"He had never been so kind, so lovable, as he was now. It was at one of those moments of Southern success and hopefulness, and he had been permitted a few weeks' leave of absence to see after his affairs. His health had absolutely been improved, he said, by the hard life of the camp, and Caesar, who came home with him, told me that he had had no recurrence of his terrible malady.

"At length the time arrived for him to leave us again.

"When he came to bid us good-by he clasped me in his arms. 'My poor, patient Adelaide,' said he, 'I owe you a great reparation. You have been sacrificed—forgive me!'

"In vain did I try to detain him. I flung my arms around him, forgetting every thing but that he was my husband, the father of my children, remembering always his terrible misfortune. I forgave him the wrong he had done me, but it was too late.

"I never saw him again until he was

brought home dead by Caesar and Bat. Two spectres they looked as, after incredible hardships, they brought his dead body home to be buried.

"He fell at Chattanooga, having fought all through the war.

"The majestic, wasted figure lay in state for a few hours in his own ruined hall ere we buried it in the earth.

"On his breast lay an embroidered gauntlet; it was a part of the fancy-dress which I had dropped as he entered and surprised me.

"'Massa always wore that, massa, and he tole me to bury it with him,' said Caesar. 'It was in his breast-pocket when he was shot.'

"Yes, I saw a drop of blood mingling with the embroidery of myrtle and roses on the little gauntlet, and the dress which had brought us together was with him to the last.

"Miss Twelliger still lives. I never hear from her directly, but I have heard indirectly that she has supported herself since the war by the sale of some diamonds. I do not know whose they were, but I suspect that they were mine."

So ended poor Mrs. Twelliger's story. I did not imagine that I was destined to take up a thread of it in far-distant lands, but so it came to pass. Is it not almost always so, that we are united to people by many invisible threads, and that, when once we get interested or attached to a person, from that moment we are more or less parts of their lives, or they of ours?

It was a gay evening in the *Kursaal* at Baden-Baden; groups of players of all countries and ages were playing with the greatest interest, for at the table sat several notabilities. At one end of the table the Baron Renfrew, for such was the *alias* which the Prince of Wales chose to assume, was playing with a Russian princess, and the groups about them seemed delighted to win or lose in such good company.

Lower down Madame Ratazzi, *née* Bonaparte, was playing heavily, and losing with a perfect equanimity. She was perfectly beautiful, and totally tabooed, so "they said." Still farther on was the divorced wife of the Duke of G—, who had married her courier.

But the boldest operator was a certain fair-haired Russian countess, a very stout, red-faced woman, still bearing the traces of great beauty, who had in her toils an infatuated young American, whose luck was astonishing every one. The countess would push *rouleaux* of gold into his hand; he would play, and return to her the piles which the *croupier* thrust toward his hands with his rake. The countess was evidently a well-known personage, and I soon found a friend who told me her history.

"That is the late Lady Alsteyne, you know," said my gossiping friend. "She is now called the Countess Nadine. She is immensely rich, very dissolute, a predetermined Bohemian. She married Lord Alsteyne, one of the best men in English society, but she soon tired of a life so brim full of respectability. He has just got a legal divorce from

her, but she deserted him two years ago, and prefers the green cloth to the green turf of his splendid English estates. See, she has broken the bank!"

And the rush of people—the agitation—which always follows such a scene began. I sought again for a glimpse of the fatal beauty who had "taken all Mrs. Twelliger's happiness," and I thought of the mysterious text, "Make to thyself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." But the short, stout, puffy, red-faced countess was but a poor companion-picture to that which I so well remembered—the tall, slender, graceful figure in black; the sad but serene face, with its black eyes; and I thought that for the preservation of female charms, even if we went no further, adversity was sometimes better than prosperity.

M. E. W. S.

THE DIAMOND-MINES OF THE CAPE.

I.

THE JOURNEY TO THE MINES.

THE diamond-mines of the Cape are situated on the boundary of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope and the Free States of Orange River, about seven hundred and fifty miles from Cape Town, in twenty-nine degrees of south latitude, and in twenty-three degrees of east longitude, at a mean altitude of nearly six thousand feet. They belonged at first to the Republic of Orange; but, as soon as the extraordinary richness of this depository was well established, the English Government suddenly remembered that it was the assignee of the claims of a Kaffre chief, of which these lands made a part. It took possession of them in spite of the energetic protestations of the Orange republic, which, in 1871, offered loyally to submit the question to the arbitration of the Emperor of Germany. The government of the Cape declined the offer.

Three principal routes lead to the diamond *placers*. The shortest passes through the colony of Natal. It is little frequented, on account of the distance of the ports to which foreign travelers must go for a starting-point. The route from Port Elizabeth is considerably frequented, and the journey is made in American carriages, which go to the mines and return from them once a week, each passage requiring five days. The third route is that of the Cape. There are here two rival lines of diligences, each of them making two journeys to and from the mines every week, and accomplishing the passage in about six days. These carriages travel night and day, and stop only to change horses at the farms and villages, where the travelers partake of a repast, sometimes abundant, but rarely appetizing. Although this line is longer than the others, it is more popular on account of the numerous stations where the traveler can find not only provisions and lodging-places for himself and his horses when he makes use of his own means of transport, but also, in case of accident, receive assistance from those who are passing over the road. At the time of my abode at the Cape, three years since,

the price of the journey to the mines by the Cape-Town diligence was sixty dollars for each person, and the extra expenses on the way amounted to nearly twenty dollars more. This would not be very dear, if the passengers were a little better fed and more comfortably seated. The diligences used for this service contain fourteen passengers, a conductor, a driver, and a whip-holder, a profession little known in Europe, but justified in the colony by the number of horses or of oxen that constitute a team. It may be easily understood that a driver, having charge sometimes of twelve horses, has need of a very long whip to manage them with one hand; he has then an assistant, armed with a formidable bamboo-pole with a corresponding thong, which he uses with a surprising skill, that would call forth great admiration, but, unfortunately, he also excels in snapping and cracking this abominable engine. Besides this model whip, the assistant has another shorter one, made of bull's-hide, for the shaft-horses. The seventeen persons who embark in the diligences are crowded together, three in front on the transverse benches, hardly able to hold them; the lower part, filled with chests for the packages and diamonds, whose value often reaches several hundred thousand dollars, prevents the occupants from moving their limbs, and renders the position still more inconvenient. These heavy vehicles, destined to roll over roads full of quagmires, are fortified by enormous springs, rusted by their frequent passage in the streams and rivers, and the unhappy voyagers, encumbered with baggage, jolted in every direction, hurled to the ceiling and against the knobs of the carriage, deprived of sleep, suffering from summer heat and winter cold, often reach their destination with limbs swollen from want of circulation, and entirely worn out with fatigue. Many travelers, in order to avoid these inconveniences, prefer to purchase four or six horses and a two-wheeled cart, into which they pile their luggage, tents, furniture, etc., and under which they suspend the cooking utensils needed on the way, which gives them the appearance of traveling merchants or strolling mountebanks.

Those who choose this method of travel, much more expensive and longer, for the horses must rest for want of relays, usually stop every night, either at the hotels or farms, or on the road, where they sleep in the open air, after having taken a repast, if this name can be given to a broil made upon a fire of sheep's-dung, accompanied with coarse, stale bread and water, corrected by a few drops of brandy. The journey under these conditions lasts about three weeks, and, in spite of the excessive monotony of a flat and denuded soil, where sometimes for several days neither tree nor verdure can be seen, there is still an indescribable charm in traversing regions so little known, and so different from every thing seen in other countries.

These deserts, where the mirage is seen in all its beauty, have proprietors; they are farms! I believe it because I have been told so—I have no other reasons. The African farms are immense, the smallest consisting

of at least five thousand or six thousand acres. An Englishman possessed, in the republics of Orange and Transvaal, more than two million acres; but it must be remembered that these immense tracts are arid and uncultivated, and that the farmers, for the most part, live miserably in the midst of their flocks of sheep, in semblances of houses, where all the family sleep in the same chamber, and on common mattresses. There are, however, among the English especially, rich farmers, who lead an easier life, and enjoy a relative luxury, due to the sale of wool, their principal revenue.

In this country, where wood and stone are equally wanting, the farmers, mostly of Dutch origin, build brick dwellings with a simplicity almost incredible: they mould the clay usually after having mixed it with water, and let it dry in the sun. At the end of twenty-four or forty-eight hours, the bricks are ready to be used, and are cemented by means of this same moistened earth. These houses are made only of earth and water, and yet hold together perfectly. The rains, that come in torrents, however, loosen the material so lightly put together, and make frequent repairs necessary, costing little, it is true; for, when a house is to be mended, an immense heap of mud is collected, from which all the members of the family, with their sleeves rolled up, take out handfuls, and the young girls, as well as the children, armed with their paste projectiles, bombard the house with a flow of spirits which quickly stops up all the holes—until the next rain-storm! The rich farmers have recourse to more civilized means, and their habitations, like their manners, are entirely different; but a necessity of equal importance to all is found in a material for fuel, which is invariably furnished by the flocks. The dung is drawn out of the sheepfolds in the form of great bricks, and piled up to make walls for these same sheepfolds, from which pieces are carried away from time to time to be used in cooking; the fire thus obtained is very hot, keeps a long time, but does not improve the food.

The immense distances to be traversed, and the difficulties of the roads, impassable sometimes for several weeks, force the contractors to remain a long time at some of the stations, and during these interruptions pasturage must be found for the ten or fourteen pairs of oxen which form each team. Government grants, for the assistance of travelers, portions of land as gifts to farmers, who are not allowed to keep flocks on their own account, but are obliged to keep a kind of public-house, where travelers can find food, provisions to carry away, and even a lodging if necessary, for which privileges they are expected to pay. This measure has been dictated for the general interest, as the farmers distant from the centre would otherwise find it impossible to dispose of their products, and the inland towns would have no communication with the sea-shore. The necessity for these resting-places will readily be understood when it is remembered that the merchandise-wagons are three months and more in going from Cape Town to the mines. Notwithstanding the benefit of these stations,

where the animals rest and recuperate after the most painful toil, the traveler who traverses the country for the first time remarks with astonishment the number of carcasses of oxen and horses that border the route, as if to indicate to him the road to follow, and at the same time to warn him to be careful of his team.

Besides birds of every kind, there is game in great variety, and the amateur finds frequent occasion to exercise his skill. There are weasels, monkeys, wild-turkeys, partridges, and various species of antelopes; all these creatures of the chase furnish a necessary diversion for the future miner, destined for rude labor, and already commencing the apprenticeship to an uncomfortable life. Wild beasts exist in the mountains in some places, but are seldom seen.

To this numerous and varied fauna we must add the ostriches belonging to the farmers, but living in a wild state, that are sometimes met upon the route. This long-legged bird furnishes one of the most important products in the commerce of the Cape. The ostrich-farms are surrounded with barriers of wire of large size, to prevent these precious birds from escaping—which is not difficult, since they can neither fly nor jump—and, in allowing them to live as they like, choose their own pastures, make their nests in the valleys that suit them best, without being disturbed by the vicinity of men. Every year, toward moulting-time, the farmer and his assistants go in search of the ostriches, which they chase before them to inclosures more and more contracted, until at last they are forced to enter a place where they are seized and despoiled of their feathers. They are then restored to liberty until the next year. An ostrich yields, on an average, two hundred and fifty dollars a year, without any expense of keeping, or other outlay than the acquisition of the farm. The finest feathers of the males, sometimes more than three feet long, are sold for fifteen dollars apiece in the interior, while the small, fine feathers, ordinarily used for children's hats, are worth but a few cents. These feathers, assorted and forwarded to England, command in the market at wholesale more than four hundred dollars a pound for the best quality, and constitute now a very extensive and lucrative branch of commerce. The government has made severe laws against the destruction of the species, and every man killing one of the birds, or robbing a nest, is condemned to pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars.

II.

LIFE AT THE MINES.

PURSUING our monotonous route, we at last reach the final station; we are only a short distance from the first diamond-placer; and we touch the end of our long and painful journey. Already we perceive at a distance the first tents of Bult-Fontein, and we tread the promised land—the sight of which makes our hearts beat with hope and emotion. When we arrive upon the heights that command the camp, just at sunset, and when through the atmosphere of unparalleled clear-

ness, we discover this immense plain whose extent the eye cannot embrace—this city of tents, where the first evening fires are beginning to appear, these lights whose number increases every moment, and produces the effect of as many stars shining upon the earth—we experience a kind of vague fear, a desire to stop on the way and collect our thoughts; but the horses have continued to travel on, and we utter a sigh of relief on seeing ourselves in the midst of the tents, among the miners who are returning from work with their tools on their shoulders.

What a strange thing is a city without houses; where the bureaux of the government, the offices of the notaries and lawyers, the hotels, the shops, the canteens, are under tents; where merchandise is left night and day unguarded in the streets; where, with a simple thrust of his knife given at night into the canvas of the tent, the evil-doer can carry away all he covets! Meantime, no bad consequence ensues, for, in every mine in the world, lynch-law rules—every one defends himself with a revolver, and lends assistance to his neighbors! Affairs at the diamond-mines are, however, in a different condition since the installment of courts of justice and a regular police.

I have spoken of the impression made on arriving at the camp, but how can I describe the strange assembly presented at the hotel repasts! The first *table d'hôte* to which I sat down at Du Toit's Pan included representatives of all nations, but afforded only one subject of conversation—the mines and their products. Travelers, diamond-merchants, traders of all kinds, miners, talked only of the precious stones—the objects of their ardent desire—and they passed from one person to another handfuls of diamonds, usually very large—for the small ones are not worth the trouble of being shown—without seeming to think of the possibility of their being stolen. The miner who had just emptied his pockets on the table, and who saw his stones distributed among guests whom often he did not know by sight, waited tranquilly till each one had finished his examination, and returned his treasure—this he collected in detail without losing a single one. That same evening I saw a magnificent diamond, of one hundred and fifteen carats, found during the day by a miner who had arrived the preceding week, and who had bought for the moderate sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a claim until then unproductive. The first proprietor had worked three months without finding any thing. Discouraged, he got rid of his land, whose sterility ceased at the same time. Facts of this kind are told almost every day. An Irishman bought a bad claim for five dollars, and after some hours' search found a diamond that he sold for fifteen thousand dollars. These unexpected gains, reported everywhere, have drawn to the mines a considerable population—estimated at forty thousand for New-Rush alone.

There are now warehouses at the mines, built of wood or sheet-iron, and even small houses, which cost large sums on account of the expense of transportation—for all the materials must be brought from Cape Town or Port Elizabeth. A plank of fir-wood costs

four dollars, a joist sixteen, and other things in proportion. Manual labor also gives proof of the want of workmen, and a man calling himself a carpenter because he can drive a nail obtains five dollars a day; thus it is only the rich miners who can afford the luxury of a house. These live in an agreeable manner, having a good table, piano, horses and carriages, croquet-ground; going to concerts, races, balls, the theatre; and there is now also a roulette-table. The women find milliners and jewelers, the children schools, the men clubs, with all the European journals; but the existence of the mass cannot be judged by these exceptions, for the most gain painfully what they have, if they chance to obtain any thing; and, apart from the hours of labor, the fatigue and the exigencies of the climate leave them little time to think of pleasure.

Meantime immigration continues. The hotels, always overflowing, are obliged every day to send away travelers. When I arrived I could find no place to sleep; the *table d'hôte* even had been transformed into a camp-bed, where the new-comers, each paying a half-dollar, were piled side by side, until every inch of space was filled. I was forced to find a resting-place for three nights in the street under a beating rain, which fell incessantly, and gave me ample opportunity to indulge in pleasant anticipations for the future. This was, besides, only a foretaste of the suffering to be endured in a country where fleas and flies are genuine pests, where it is impossible to open the mouth to speak or to eat without being in danger of receiving there these unclean insects that flutter in clouds around every one, drown themselves in the cups and glasses, and fasten themselves to the meats, so that it is impossible to get rid of them. Night brings relief to this torment, for the flies disappear with the sun; but the miner does not gain much, for hardly is he stretched upon his couch before an army of fleas, lodged in the fur-ropes and bedclothes, attack him with a voracity that prevents him from taking any repose. These are not the only troublesome insects; the great locusts, that frequently appear in this country, are very disagreeable. They alight on the tents, which they sometimes gnaw, as they do every thing else that comes in their path; but generally they are inoffensive, and cause only a momentary discomfort by traveling over the beds or penetrating within the clothing.

The grants originally made by the Orange Government stipulated that the precious minerals found in the soil belonged to the state, and that the incumbent of the grant would receive an indemnity in exchange for his land; and, in virtue of this law, every farm on which a mine is discovered is immediately put under the direct protection of the state. Government then establishes a police to take charge of the duty on patents, and to protect the interests of all. As every one has the right to prospect, many persons traverse the country separately, and commence diggings wherever the nature of the land invites them to try their fortune. If the miner finds any thing to give him hopes of a lucrative result, he perseveres in his labor. Other travelers, perceiving a tent planted in the midst of a plain, decide to share the luck. They set up

their landmarks, and go for tools and friends, who install themselves near the pioneer. This growing colony attracts other travelers, until it is found that the claim is worthless, when the company separates. But, if one of the miners chances to find only a single diamond, the report spreads with incredible rapidity, and miners rush hither from all points of the horizon, each one bringing nothing but tools, a loaf of bread, and a gourd of brandy. It is unnecessary to say that, at the same time, there arrive butchers, bakers, and especially sutlers, who make sure profits.

When a new placer is discovered, each miner chooses, or rather takes at a venture, a piece of land thirty-one feet square, at the four corners of which he places garden-pickets to establish his possession, as well as his boundary-lines. This is the sole title of ownership, and he has sometimes to defend it with blows. Indeed, the last-comers often seek to obtain possession of a claim by stratagem or by force; they await the moment when the owner, going to breakfast, takes away his tools, and leaves the ground unoccupied, to establish themselves in his place, and declare that they have placed there the boundary-lines. A trial follows, which is decided on the spot by a boxing-match, and the claim belongs to the strongest. As soon as the existence of diamonds is really established, the miners meet together and nominate a committee to administer justice, and to decide legal questions without further appeal. The first care of the committee is to determine when a claim may be considered as abandoned. It is decided that any claim that is not worked for three entire days is supposed to be given up, and may be taken by the first comer. An exception is made in case of illness or any other cause independent of the will of the miner.

The owner, once established, is no more at the mercy of brutal force, and any one desirous of procuring a portion of land must purchase it of the holder. At New-Rush the original proprietors parceled out their claims in quarters, fifths, etc., and these portions always commanded a high price. One of my neighbors, owning a half-claim, already worked to the depth of over sixty feet, at the time of my departure was bargaining to sell it for twenty thousand dollars. This is the reason why so few fortunes are made at the mines. The considerable disbursements, the manual labor always increasing in proportion to the depth, and the necessity of transporting the sand to a great distance, cause an increased expense, specially burdensome to the new-comers. Those who were fortunate enough to have a claim at New-Rush at the time of the discovery of this exceptional placer grew rich in a short time; but usually great fortunes are not made, for those who, after some weeks or months, find themselves in possession of a certain amount of capital, hasten to escape from the climate and the hard labor, to enjoy elsewhere their good fortune.

The Kaffres who work at the bottom of the claims often find diamonds in digging with the pickaxe, for it is difficult for a large diamond to escape a practised eye under such conditions; they carry it to the master, or overseer, unless they are sure no one has

seen them pick it up, which influences their honesty very much, who gives them a reward. The diamond-earth, transported by the carts to the place where it is to be picked over, is at first roughly crushed by men seated in a circle around it, armed with sticks, who beat it as it is thrown by shovelfuls in the midst of them; this first operation is for the purpose of separating it from the stones. It is then passed through a coarse sieve, that retains the worthless portions, and afterward through a finer sieve, to free it from dust, and to put it in a condition to be picked over. It is then poured upon tables, around which men are arranged with scrapers made of tin, or the remains of old buckets: each one plunges his scraper into the mass, and draws out a large handful, which, with the same movement, he spreads in such a way as to see with a glance if there are any diamonds. The skill acquired by the eye from constant practice renders the work less minute than it appears at first, so that the new-comers, seeing the continual movement of the arm back and forth, cannot believe in the possibility of a sorting so quickly made. It is difficult for a diamond to escape attention unless it is very small, for this crystal, though giving out no radiance in its rough state, and having no color, leaps to the eyes in an astonishing manner in the midst of the earth and gravel. It is always pure, even in the dust, which never touches, and seems to respect it. In spite of the favorable conditions, the rejected earth still contains many diamonds, for the Kaffres employed in this work are often more occupied in chattering than in looking at the table; and, from idleness or native depravity, sort in beds so thick that the diamonds are buried in the other materials, and escape the eye. As an illustration of the negligence with which these men perform their task, one of my associates, astonished to see that our three united claims, worked together by all our Kaffres, gave us hardly eight or ten diamonds a day, when we had a right to expect twenty-five or thirty, concealed in the earth on the table a diamond of thirty-six carats—larger than a hazel-nut. He did this to test the fidelity of the workmen; and, although he watched them attentively, all the earth was sorted before him without the diamond being perceived. It had been thrown under the table, where it was afterward found. This negligence was confirmed by another circumstance: in displacing the table to transport it to a less encumbered place, we found, among the sand that had been sorted, a diamond of thirteen and one-half carats, which would have been lost for us like the others.

It has become a new industry at the mines, for those who cannot purchase a claim, to re-examine the abandoned earth, which is sometimes very productive. One of my friends made in this manner, without risking any capital, fifty dollars a week. Many children, and young Dutch girls, pass whole days digging at hazard in the sand, and are sometimes largely recompensed. In the street where I worked a child found, in earth already sorted, a diamond of seventy-three carats.

Men and women are not alone in showing themselves avaricious for the precious crystals; they have rivals among the poultry,

who, for a more material motive, swallow the diamonds, like other stones, when they meet with them. The cooks also never fail to take the greatest pains in preparing a chicken for cooking. In a restaurant where I took my meals a diamond was discovered on two successive Sundays in the crop, or gizzard, of the chickens; and the newspapers of the place told the story of a horse that, in stamping to escape from some medicine that he was being forced to swallow, laid bare a diamond of seven carats, to the great satisfaction of his owner. These facts, written by the miners to their friends beyond the seas, reported and amplified by the latter, have become legendary, and have surrounded the mines with a fairy aureola that seduces adventurous spirits, and causes them much disgust on their arrival.

The diamonds found at the Cape are more or less broken, and there are as many shapeless fragments as entire stones. As a general rule, the larger the diamond the more distinctly yellow is the color; the finest specimens thus far discovered in regard to weight are two hundred and eighty-eight, one hundred and sixty-six, one hundred and forty-four, and one hundred and fifteen carats. No mine in the world has ever given such an abundance of great stones. Thus, before the discovery of the fields of the Cape, a diamond of four carats was considered as a very fine stone, and beyond this weight the prices were not estimated by any ordinary calculation, but became fancy prices; while now there is such an abundance of large stones in all the markets that the price is considerably reduced, and is relatively lower than that of smaller ones. Diamonds from ten to twenty carats are found every day at the Cape, and the richness of the fields is such that New-Rush alone produced an average of three thousand diamonds a day for more than eight months, the most of them large stones.

What will be the future reserved for the diamond-fields of the Cape? All the placers which have thus far been operated, having little surface, have been quickly exhausted; Du Toit's Pan and New-Rush alone continue to maintain their production, notwithstanding the considerable quantity of precious stones that is extracted, and it would be rash to assign a term to this fruitfulness. Besides, the region comprised between the Vaal and the Orange is so vast that many years will probably pass before every part of it has been explored.—*Translated from the French.*

CRIMINAL WOMEN.

THERE have been desperately wicked women in this world of ours, from the days of sacred story to the present moment. They have shown sometimes the cool and calculating villainy of the poisoner and forger, but more often the rabid, eccentric, self-destroying wickedness of the weak. "You men know what an enraged lamb will do," said a keen observer. Women are not lambs always, but a certain confession of sex appears in the worst of them. In the first place, that want of "staying power"—that absence of the inertia of strength, which

ever prevents the female surgeon from rising to successful eminence, that inability of the muscles to serve the exactions of the brain—then, again, something nobler and more unselfish appears. Conscience and decency come back to a woman after passion is spent; she is seldom hardened to the core; death ennobles her; her courage in all scenes of danger is proverbial, and it is pathetic to read of the last hours of the most desperate female criminals, to see the womanly virtues appearing as the crust of an unworthy life is being broken, to hear their prayers, witness their generosity, admire their fortitude, and notice their determination to be well or decently dressed. They go to the scaffold or the block bravely, prayerfully, and in a good gown. If dress is at once the reason and the consequence of the fall, it has soothed the enormous insult of the block, and the gallows, and the guillotine. In our day, we have Mrs. Surratt praying for "a good black gown to be hanged in;" as Mary Queen of Scots arrayed herself in crimson velvet, and said to her maidens, "See that I die decently;" Mrs. Larner, of yellow-starch memory, took her own ruff out of fashion by being hanged in it. Female criminals have wooed death like a lover; they are afraid "of mice and rats, and such small deer," but they meet the King of Terrors gracefully.

Those women of the French Revolution (who were not criminals) almost kissed the sharp-dropping knife; Charlotte Corday's face blushed after death, but not with fear. It was outraged modesty; she had not learned to outpace Parisian gallantry.

Perhaps life has not offered so much to women that they have great reluctance in leaving it; perhaps their characteristic love of change may make them indifferent to the "moving on;" perhaps they have a deeper and more fervent belief in a future state than men, but it is undeniably true that they meet death with more courage than men do; they carry playfulness to the very gates of destruction in their sublime courage. Anne Boleyn's allusion to her little neck had the true English pluck in it—it raised her from a coquette to a conqueror.

Forgery is an unfeminine crime, because deliberate. Women are not fond of money for itself—as a sex, they are not miserly. It is fortunate for "commercial paper" that women do not take to forgery, for there seems to be no reason why they should not do it well, their neat manipulation, habit, and facility of imitation, their adroit hands, and much-used pens—all would lead toward success. But in the women-forgers we see again a curious confession of sex: they overdo the excellence, the name is written too well, they are not held back by the inertia of strength. Fortunately, they are rare, they do not love it. The crimes of women arise from passionate, illy-regulated blood, flowing in veins all too delicate to carry such a torrent; no wonder that the brain gets swamped with the flood; and this thought carries compassion with it. We pity the child and lover murderer; we know how frenzied she was, but we have no shame-faced tears for the forger.

There is an interesting case of a woman-forgery in Jeffreys's time. A certain Lady Joy,

widow, probably, of a city knight, laid claim to lands in the town of Shadwell, long held by St. Paul's Church. She produced her deeds, fine old parchments, duly illuminated, very clear in their definitions, high-sounding, proper, and kingly titles of Philip and Mary, and all the flourishing, useless, formal, legal phraseology. She claimed so much that the court was alarmed. A church, too, is a hard antagonist; bishops, priests, and deacons, hold on with a lasting grip. Is this not so, heirs of Anneke Jans?

So it came to pass that they found the Lady Joy a forger. Clever as an antiquarian, curiously excellent as an illuminator, the Lady Joy had, with the aid of two or three ignoble tools, named variously Bannister and Duffett, and some two or three others, gotten up new parchment to look like old, and, by an ingenious story of having found them in a garret with some genuine deeds which she produced, came very near getting her lands. Strange neglect of English law, this non-registration of deeds! in a country, too, where rank and title depend on the possession of land.

Lady Joy had a clever lawyer, but so had the church—one Mr. Bradbury, an antiquarian, though not a forger. He took home the deeds and read them carefully. Yes, here was an anachronism. She styled Philip and Mary "King and Queen of Naples." They had never borne that title, or not, at least, at that time.

Jeffreys was delighted. "Ah, Joy!" said he, "thou trimmest not round that fair tree."

Lady Joy bore cross-examination admirably, but her poor tools broke down lamentably. Duffett's wife turned state's-evidence, and gave the following queer information:

"They bade me put saffron in the ink, and they rubbed the parchment over dirty windows, laid them out on balconies to be rained on, and dried them by the fire to make them look shriveled, they wore them in their pockets and sat on them, to give them a rubbed and worn appearance."

So this accomplished lady, who could paint and illuminate so beautifully, would have received the lands but for one mistake—she knew a little too much; she had added one title too many. She might better have deprived Philip and Mary of two titles than to have added one which they had not yet borne. Jeffreys was enchanted; he admired Mr. Bradbury's acumen, and praised him in a most unstinted manner. He showed great clearness and cleverness himself in the cross-examination, making Bannister tell at least fifty lies. He insulted the woman Duffett in his usual coarse manner, and brought out all sorts of unpleasant family secrets from Lady Joy. She claimed that her agent had found these deeds in a garret; that the lands belonged to her great-grandfather, and she really had cunningly doveetailed in some startling and true facts about the sale of a sluice-way and pond—where, indeed, some early lay brother of St. Paul's had evidently cheated a landholder out of a very good piece of property.

But the sluice-way, as Jeffreys said, "would not hold water," and she was defeated. The dry law-reports do not tell if

she was punished, nor give us the pleasure of knowing how she bore imprisonment or death. Perhaps the loss of her Shadwell, for which she had so valiantly fought, was a sufficient punishment. From her surroundings, in spite of her pretty name, she does not seem to have been a very refined or lofty personage. Jeffreys admitted that the forgeries were enormously clever, but he reserved his praises for Bradbury, whose cunning devices he admired. Jeffreys was right sometimes, he had too much talent to be always wrong.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, come into court." Ah, there was a fascinator! Her poisoning of Sir Thomas Overbury with tarts (perhaps he died of the pastry) is too old a story to reiterate here. He had been her friend—some said her lover—he had helped her to get rid of one husband, and, to get another, he must be put out of the way. She was not hanged; no, she had but to come into court with her "dress of black tammel, a cypress chaperon, a cobweb ruff and cuffs," beautiful as the morning in her delicate black-and-white draperies, shed some tears, and be pardoned.

"Frances, Countess of Somerset, art thou guilty of the felony and murder, or not guilty?" said the clerk of the crown.

The countess, making an obeisance to the lord high steward, answered, "Guilty," in a low voice, but wondrous fearful.

Ah, wicked white hand! Beautiful, terrible woman!

The king pardoned her, and Sir Edward Coke extolled the royal sagacity, observing that "the king's instructions deserved to be written in a sunbeam."

Sir Francis Bacon, great and corrupt, assisted in this monstrous injustice. Rank, wealth, family, and beauty, fought for the countess, and she escaped the gallows. Some people are severe enough to say that those friends often stand by a woman now, who, but for family and money, would be deeply condemned; but that cannot be true, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

The countess, in her "cobweb ruff," showed what a meritorious thing it is to be pretty. She also showed herself a very woman; for, in going to Mrs. Turner for the poisons, she also bought love-phillets of her, "to cool the love of her first husband Essex, and to inflame that of her second husband Somerset, which articles consisted of enchanted papers, and puppets, a piece of human skin, and a black scarf full of white crosses."

She did not need them. She had the best of love-phillets in her beauty, egotism, and unscrupulousness. What a picture could be painted of that scene!—that chamber of nobles; Essex furtively watching her, and glowering at the wretch Somerset whom she loved.

One hundred years after there occurs a story in a much humbler sphere, which shows how differently justice was meted out to a lady of rank and to one who had no rank.

There was a pretty young girl named Blandy, living with her father and mother at Henley-on-Thames, in the year 1752. They were rich people, and very fond of the so-

ciety of the young officers who were quartered near them. A certain Captain Cranstoun became a great favorite in the family, and finally made love to the young lady, offered himself, and was accepted. Mr. Blandy, however, in looking into the captain's antecedents, found a decided objection to his proposed son-in-law in the fact that he already possessed a wife. Owing to this embarrassment he turned the captain out of the house.

Of course the young lady sided with her lover—what young lady does not? Her mother, too, was almost as much in love with the captain as she was, but, before the matter went further, Mrs. Blandy died, and the relations between father and daughter became very much embittered. The captain kept up a vigorous correspondence, and offered to explain every thing. He induced the unlucky Mrs. Cranstoun to write him a letter saying she was *not* his wife. This he did by assuring her privately that he should have more ready advancement if he were supposed to be single. This letter of Mrs. Cranstoun's was, of course, forwarded to the Blandys, but it failed to move Mr. Blandy. To the poor girl it was confirmation enough. She continued on unhappy terms with her father, who seems to have been severe to her naturally, and she corresponded with the captain, who was all love and blandishment. Finally arrived a letter containing some powders marked "To clean Scotch pebbles." He wrote to the young lady that these were of the nature of love-phillets, that she must administer them to her father in his gruel, and they would turn his obdurate heart in favor of their marriage. The poor, unhappy girl obeyed him, and soon had the agony of knowing that she had poisoned her father. She rushed into his presence, confessed all, denied all knowledge of the fatal character of the medicine, and, falling on her knees, besought his forgiveness. She nursed him until he died, and then gave herself up to the ministers of justice. She was sentenced to death; behaved with great decency and penitence. She eloquently protested to her clergyman her innocent intent to the last. She went to the scaffold in deep mourning, and was long remembered for her neat and careful appearance, and her sincere repentance.

The gallant captain ran away to France, lived a while on the bounty of a female relative, then on the charity of his deserted wife, was seized with a severe illness (let us hope that it racked him), became a devout Catholic, died, and was buried with pomp and circumstance by the monks and friars, who considered the conversion of this sinner as worthy of a solemn mass, and he was followed to the grave by the highest ecclesiastics and magistrates of the town.

When we think of that happy, innocent home on the Thames, to which this son of Belial brought guilt, destruction, and infamy, and turn from Miss Blandy on the scaffold to the illustrious penitent and his splendid funeral, think of his protected and religious death, and of *her* kneeling among the straw in Henley Jail, how can we help saying, "How long, O Lord!"

Another very interesting lady, in our own virtuous New England, was hanged, and be-

laved very picturesquely on the scaffold. This was Bathsheba Spooner, *née* Ruggles, a brilliant, handsome, unmanageable creature, the favorite daughter of old Brigadier Ruggles, who has left, in his turn, no enviable reputation as a well-governed personage. Bathsheba grew up amid the rather extraordinary luxuries of her father's house, for the old brigadier was a colonial aristocrat. A pack of hounds, a park of deer, and other unusual signs of wealth and luxury, surrounded the mansion, wherein were accumulated such colonial luxuries as a gold service, handsome mirrors, pictures, sets of mahogany furniture, and that rarest of luxuries, a spinnet.

General Timothy Ruggles was a great man in his way, and a stiff Tory. He had a large family, and quarreled with his wife. Bathsheba was his beautiful, favorite, willful daughter, and it is strange that he allowed her to marry old Joshua Spooner, much older than herself, and entirely beneath her in every respect. Perhaps the intermixture war made the house disagreeable. Perhaps she did not like the cookery at home; for Mrs. Ruggles, in a rage, once served up to the brigadier his favorite dog for dinner. Bathsheba lived with Joshua twelve years, and then proceeded to kill him in the most inartistic manner. She had fallen in love with a young man named Ross, whom she had nursed through an illness. The neighborhood long remembered how handsome they both were as they dashed by on horseback.

She hired two common soldiers, who, after the fashion of that disturbed period, had sought a lodging at her house, to kill Spooner; and she persuaded Ross, much against his will, to assist in the disposition which she proposed to make of his body.

They clumsily knocked the poor fellow on the head, and threw him down a well—"by which process," said one of her frugal neighbors, "she lost a husband and spoiled a good well of water."

After the murder she divided poor Joshua's effects between his murderers. His watch, silver buckles, coats, waistcoats, shirts, etc., were soon discovered at the nearest tavern, where the soldiers went to get drunk. They were easily traced, and soon captured.

When Bathsheba heard that the dead body of her husband had been taken from the well, she approached, put her white hand on his forehead, and said, "Poor little man!" She was arrested, and convicted as an "accessory before the deed." Nor did her history end here. We might dismiss her simply as a monster; but, from the moment of being found out and condemned to die, she begins to behave with such courage, fortitude, and picturesque magnificence, that we must follow her puzzling story.

She made a strange, bold, affecting plea for her life. She claimed that another and an innocent life would go with hers. But the judge and the jury, and, worst of all, a *jury of matrons*, who, after the old fashion, had been convened to treat of this question, all disbelieved her story.

Then she gave up hope, and summoned courage. She dressed her handsome person in richest brocade and lace, put on all her jewelry, and looked like a Copley picture as

she stepped out of the country jail. Her health was so feeble that she could not walk, so she was driven in her own chaise.

Her friends and neighbors had all come to see her hanged, and she bowed to them smilingly, acknowledging the attention.

They even hanged her poor lover, Ross, first; but she did not blench. As her turn came, a violent thunder-storm broke over the scene. She crawled on her hands and knees up the fatal ladder, too feeble to mount otherwise. The thunder and lightning increased in intensity. The prince of the powers of darkness had come to claim his daughter, the people thought. She did not blench, but died with a smile on her lips.

After her body was cut down and examined by the surgeons, her statement was found to be true; and, as her historian, Chandler, says, "the annals of Massachusetts jurisprudence were stained with a barbarity which they never learned from ancient Rome."

All this happened in 1788, a troublous, unsettled, and dark period in our history. I recommend to any reader who desires the most extraordinary story in criminal jurisprudence to read it, at length, in Chandler's "Criminal Trials." The point that I derive from it is, that women do their wicked work with the left hand, awkwardly, and in the most bungling manner; but that, when they come to die, they proceed to do that part of the business wondrous well—some beneficent angel helps them.

We are not told how the general bore the hanging of his favorite daughter. He had been obliged to flee to Nova Scotia—excessively unpopular from his Tory principles—and died there, in the year 1795, aged eighty-four. Undoubtedly his unpopularity worked against her at her trial, else her peculiar plea might have been listened to. She was guilty enough and base enough to be hanged a dozen times; but one cannot help but throw back a look of admiration at the beautiful, brave figure as it stands surrounded by the lightnings of heaven, awaiting calmly the ignominious punishment of man.

The story of her lover and victim, Ezra Ross, is exceedingly pathetic. He was a boy of sixteen when he first came under her influence, and was but eighteen when he unwillingly consented to help murder her husband. One can scarcely read without tears, at this distance of time, the petition of his aged parents for his young life. They call him a "child of sixteen," and the clergyman of their parish joined them in their petition. They had given three sons to their country—young men who had fallen in honorable warfare; but it availed them nothing. Ross was baptized before going to execution, and died prayerfully, poor fellow! Bathsheba should have been christened Delilah. Just before the noose was adjusted she took the sheriff by the hand, and said: "My dear sir, I am ready. In a little time I expect to be in bliss, and but a few years must elapse when I hope I shall see you and my other friends again." She seems to have believed in the future state and the forgiveness of sins. She needed the latter, if ever criminal did, poor wicked woman!

A valuable treatise could be written on

the awkwardness of murderers. The distraction incident to the commitment of crime does not seem a sufficient explanation.

Bathsheba, a woman of unusual wit, committed this foul crime in the most open manner. Her confederates walked into the jaws of detection; none of them showed the prudence with which they would have taken a sleigh-ride or a day's junketing at a country fair. Bathsheba belongs to Hawthorne—why did he not take her up with his weird pen, and paint her in his sombre and lurid tints? She is the most romantic criminal in all Puritan jurisprudence. What was Hester Prynne, with her "scarlet letter," to this woman, who should have had a bloody *M* added to her suggestive alphabet? Yet her feminine heart made her pity the "poor little man," and her feminine vanity—or what?—took her bravely over the incident of hanging.

I have never been much impressed with the theatrical death of Madame Roland. It reminds one of the remark of a modern critic, who says, "Of all excesses, the most difficult to correct is excess of excellence, for the owner has a right to his own esteem, therefore he cannot rightly see wherein he has exceeded." Madame Roland was very much pleased, as she stood there, and made the stilted remark, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!" She posed for posterity on that occasion, and, as part of her audience, I say it was poorly done. But, O gracious and most unfortunate of beautiful women, Marie Antoinette! I kneel that the shadow of thy tumbrel may fall where I can kiss it—thou, thou deep drinker of the most terrible cup which ever was held to mortal lips, thou knewest how to die!

And thou, too, Mary of Scotland! I know that, on one side, thy blood was of the Guises, and that word means treachery, yet I cannot assist, in cold blood, at thy last fatal hour! Rather would I kneel with thee in that improvised oratory, where thou breakest the consecrated bread thyself. I follow that beautiful Latin prayer, thy last address to thy Maker, and I adore thy courage and penitence, nor ask what were thy sins!

But I depart from my subject, for these women were not criminals—they were victims.

It does not always follow, therefore, that, because women know how to die, they know how to live. In fact, it would almost seem that those who know how to die best have not had great success in the art of living good lives.

This paper would be incomplete without an allusion to those interesting criminals who have not been executed. We might divide the good and bad women into two parties, as the Florentines did their political clans, the Bianchi and the Neri. Those of the Neri (the "Children of the Night") carry interest and pathos with them, through all time; Effie Deans, Lucretia Borgia, Cleopatra, the ages roll between them, and seas and continents divide them, yet they are the same—weak, wicked, beautiful, and *women*! Roscoe comes to the rescue and defends golden-haired Lucretia. He says she did *not* poison, except for a few friends, perhaps, and that *that* was

a filial duty in the daughter of Alexander and the sister of Caesar Borgia!

Sir Walter Scott cannot help falling in love with Effie Deans, and, although he gives sober Jeannie all the novel and all the glory, he adds one of his ineffable touches at the end, in the admiration which the once unfortunate Effie has inspired in the breast of the Duke of Argyle, who, seeing her as Lady Staunton, little suspects that she is the girl whom he had saved from the doom prepared for the child-murderer, but raves of her beauty and her delicious accent.

Thus forgiveness is eternal, and the plea of womanhood perpetual. Perhaps the Neri have cultivated good manners; they have had none of that excess of excellence—poor things—which the critic describes as the "worst of excesses." They have been gentle, perhaps, and have not carried round the moral tape-measure which some good women wear at their girdles, wherewith to measure the shortcomings of less fortunate sisters; the fascination of the Neri consists greatly of humility.

It is wretched business that any human being, "fearfully and wonderfully made," should be hanged, shot, guillotined, or otherwise killed, to avenge the slighted majesty of the law; and it is very difficult to get an American jury to hang a woman. But there is one criminal who deserves this doom. The *poisoner*, the self-elected Hebe, who hands you the cup; the neat-handed Phillips, who mixes unpleasant ingredients in her messes—woman, the very genius of home and hospitality, that she should turn traitor on the threshold, this is a crime so enormous that the language of the law seems not too tremendous—she should be hanged by the neck until she is dead, dead, dead!

IN PASSING.

WAS that your face? Why, I have seen it splendid

As angel Michael's, shining through my dreams!

If that was your true earthly self, it seems That all my dreaming should be sharply ended.

Just glimpsed in passing. Am I wiser for it? How thick the ice has grown 'twixt you and me!

Yet, from the first, we knew it was to be. Which is the most unconquerable spirit?

Your own, or mine? But I imagine somewhat I am the victor.—There was such a look Upon you, as if something in you shook—Nay, I care not for this late triumph! Come what

Still may of wear and change to dim its brightness,

One moment's passing glance into your face So dear to me is, God be thanked, his grace! I love your darkness, as I loved your lightness.

If no more to come near ye, Christ me giveth, Take my forgiveness, would-be scornful eyes!

I know the wistful heart that 'neath me lies: I know the hunger that in two breasts liveth!

HOWARD GLYNDON.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE late GERRIT SMITH was one of the most striking and unique figures in our history. He was in possession of immense estates, baronial in character; he maintained a large and primitive hospitality; he was a munificent giver and benefactor in almost all directions of human concern; he was an original and acute thinker; he possessed and manifested an almost passionate love for his fellow-kind. His identification with the cause of abolitionism has tended to obscure his labors in other directions, which seem to have been of a character to rank him with the great philanthropists of the age. We are indebted to a contributor for an entertaining biographical sketch, which we cannot find room for in full, and hence subjoin here some of the more important and interesting portions, referring specially to his gifts to other purposes than for emancipation:

"Other men than Gerrit Smith have been greater scholars than he, though his attainments, both in physical and classical science, were both extensive and critical, and were kept up to the times till the close of his life. Other men may have been gifted with higher oratorical powers, though in his prime he was accounted by the best judges one of the most eloquent of men. Few men excelled him in executive ability, as manifested in the care and management of a vast and continually-changing landed estate; and fewer still in that rigidly practical character which, even in the most apparently impracticable cases, carried the principles he had conscientiously adopted to their inexorably logical results. He was endowed with a commanding presence, a princely bearing, and a manner so winning and genial that even those who were most bitterly opposed to his views could not choose but be attracted to him.

"Yet it was not any or all of these things which render his loss so noteworthy. Of no man of the present century could it be said so truly that he merited to be 'written in the angel's book of gold, as one that loved his fellow-men.' And this is no light praise. Our age teems with philanthropists; the more than princely giving of Peabody, Hopkins, Lick, Cornell, Vassar, Lenox, Green, Rich, Durant, Williston, Hitchcock, Adams, Pardee, Girard, Astor, Roosevelt, Packer, Vanderbilt, Drew, and a hundred others, shows conclusively that many of our rich men have not forgotten the needs of their fellows, but recognize the obligations which wealth imposes on them to do good as they have opportunity.

"But great as have been the boons and benefactions of these men to humanity, there was in Mr. Smith's philanthropy something yet larger and better. Already distinguished while in college for his genuine kindness of heart, as well as for his modest and unobtrusive liberality, on coming of age his father deeded to him an entire township of land in Central New York, and soon after made him manager of his vast estate, amounting at that time to nearly eight hundred thousand acres of land. He was not unmindful of the condition of the poor in his own State and county, as he manifested by his liberal assistance to them every year of his life after he attained his majority—an assistance which, with wise

foresight, was so administered as to encourage their efforts for self-support, and not to pauperize them.

"In 1847 he gave deeds of land to the extent of two hundred thousand acres, mostly in farms of about fifty acres each, to poor but industrious men, on condition that they should build themselves homes and till the soil. Where there were no schools or churches convenient, he aided in the erection of them. Among the recipients of this bounty were both white and black men, the former in a majority, as it was his policy to establish, as far as possible, the negroes by themselves, to save them from annoyance. These farms were situated in forty-two out of the sixty counties in the State. Subsequently he gave another tract in Essex County, divided into small farms, to colored men exclusively, and provided them with an agricultural instructor in the person of John Brown, of Ossawatimie. We are afraid Mr. Smith's esteem for the old Kansas raider led him to overrate his abilities as a teacher of agriculture, and that really his services in that direction were not of much value. It may be proper to say in this connection that, while Mr. Smith heartily disapproved of the Harper's Ferry project, gave it no aid nor sanction, and exerted all his powers to dissuade Brown from attempting it, his grief for the sad results and untimely end of the old man were so great that, for a few weeks, his reason was clouded, and he could never afterward speak of the subject with composure.

"No question of expediency in any matter of principle ever had the slightest weight with Gerrit Smith; not that he was an opinionated or conceited man, for he was just the reverse. No man was more willing to listen to reason, even if it came from the mouth of a child, and no one was less vain of his own abilities and powers; but, having reasoned out a principle carefully and conscientiously, he was prepared to accept the conclusions which legitimately followed from that principle, to whatever inconveniences or sacrifices they might lead him. Thus, believing with all his soul in the iniquity of slavery, he deduced from it the conclusion that it was morally wrong for him to make use of any thing produced by slave-labor either at home or abroad; and hence he would wear no cotton goods, nor suffer them to be worn in his family, unless he knew them to be woven from African (Liberian) or India cotton. He would use neither coffee, sugar, molasses, nor rice, which was produced by slave-labor, procuring his coffee from Arabia, Liberia, Java, or Jamaica, and his sugar either from France, Prussia, or Jamaica, or the maple-sugar of the Northern States. This may seem a small matter, but it involved, in his view, an important principle, for, in using the products of slave-labor, he was really, he believed, supporting slavery. And so tenacious was he on this point, that he freely supplied these articles to others, who, though holding the same convictions, had not the means to consistently adhere to them in this way.

"His beneficence was extended equally to whites and blacks. At his home at Peterboro' he kept open house all the year round. A score of guests, many of them self-invited, was not unusual at his table, and no one was ever turned away from his hospitable board. The demands made on his charity were enormous, often exceeding ten thousand dollars by a single mail; but all were carefully examined, and no meritorious application was suffered to pass unheeded. His gifts to the cause of edu-

ation were princely; schools without number were established in his colonies, as he called the settlements of those assisted by his bounty, and academies, schools, and colleges, at the West and elsewhere, were aided by land and money. To Hamilton College he had given thirty thousand dollars, twenty thousand of it within the past six months. The Chicago sufferers from the great fire, the families burned out by the forest-fires in Wisconsin and Michigan in 1871, the sufferers from the grasshopper famine in 1873-'74, and the Southern cities desolated by yellow fever, as well as hundreds of similar cases within the last fifty years, bear witness to the comprehensiveness of his liberality. Though the fortune he has left is large, yet he had given away during his lifetime four or five times its amount.

"In 1852 he was elected to Congress by a large majority over the other two candidates, solely on the ground of his personal worth and character, men of all parties voting for him, and very few of them subscribing to the whole of his political creed. The nomination was not of his seeking, and was, indeed, forced upon him. In an address to his constituents after his election, he stated very forcibly his political doctrines. Aside from the slavery question, his other positions were:

"That the right to the soil is as natural, absolute, and equal, as the right to the light and air.

"That political rights are not conventional, but natural, inhering in all persons, the black as well as the white, the female as well as the male.

"That the doctrine of free trade is the necessary outgrowth of the doctrine of the human brotherhood, and that to impose restrictions on commerce is to build up unnatural and sinful barriers across that brotherhood.

"That national wars are as brutal, barbarous, and unnecessary, as are the violence and bloodshed to which misguided and frenzied individuals are prompted.

"That the province of government is but to protect—to protect persons and property—and that the building of railroads and canals, and the care of schools and churches, fall entirely outside of its limits, and exclusively within the range of the voluntary principle—the limits, however, should include, in the way of protection, the prohibition of the general liquor traffic.

"That, so far as practicable, every officer, from the highest to the lowest, including especially the President and the postmaster, should be elected directly by the people."

"Probably no other member of Congress, then or now, would have subscribed to the whole of this creed, and perhaps very few, if any, of their constituents; yet many of its principles have made wonderful progress in the twenty-two years which have passed since it was first enunciated, and it would not be strange if the principles, as yet unaccepted, should form the basis of the declaration of some new party. In Congress he was very popular, as much so with the Southern and slaveholding members as with those who sympathized with him on slavery and some other questions. His bearing was so manly and dignified, he was so brave and fearless, and at the same time so courteous and genial, that he won the love and esteem of all classes."

"Max," Mr. Julian Hawthorne tells us, "is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair—it is as much his pre-

rogative as laughing and cooking." It is, no doubt, comforting to find accumulating these discoveries of the distinctive characteristics of our kind. Darwinism has made it urgent upon us to widen and deepen the gulf between us and the inferior creatures as much as we can. And chairs, like cooking-stoves, make a good distinction. But skeptical philosophers may some day inquire whether, in this article chair (which the simple fact that, unlike the beasts of the field, our nether, or, equivalently, hind limbs, have a movable joint, alone has rendered possible), we have, after all, exhibited a skill at all commensurate with our claims to an exceptionally superior place in the scale of creation. The birds build their nests, the spider spins his web, the fox constructs his burrow, all adequately to their needs; but man builds a chair that is nearly always a discomfort, and sometimes an exasperation. It cannot be denied that he has been ingenious in the form and full of device in the ornamentation of the structure; but he has not yet intelligently adapted it to the comfort or ease of those for whom it is designed. Mr. Hawthorne is partially wrong in saying that man is the only animal that can sit squarely down upon a chair. Animals do not have this power, but where is the chair that a man can sit squarely down upon? Once there was the small-seat, straight-back chair, which one could just manage to get a portion of his person upon; then there has been, and still is, the high-puffed cushion-chair, over the smooth rotundity of which one keeps sliding and slipping, to his vast discomfort; then there is the outward-inclined seat, which one can only keep possession of by desperately bracing his feet upon the floor; then there is the chair so high-backed that it strains one's neck to lean upon; and the chair, the upper-rail of which takes one painfully just at the shoulders; and the chair that is so high that the feet have no hold upon the floor; and the chair so low that the knees are thrust up to the level of the chin; and the so-called easy-chair, that one might lie in, but no skill can enable him to sit upon; and so on interminably. The simple device of having a broad, ample, flat seat, with the hind-legs an inch or two shorter than the front-legs, has not yet been discovered by our boastful civilization. By this construction, the body of the sitter would be taken up and held securely and comfortably, with the gravity inclining toward the back of the seat. There would be no muscular strains to keep one's self upon the seat. There would be no troublesome disposition of the body to slide off the cushion. Details as to character and form of the seat or cushion are, no doubt, important, but the real principle of a comfortable chair is to have the hind-legs lower than the fore-legs—and this little secret has not yet been discovered by chair-makers, old as the world is.

ONE of the revelations on the Von Arnim trial has set all the Paris politicians and journalists agog with a new excitement. Bismarck, it appears, in one of his dispatches, told the minister to favor a French Republic, for a republic would keep France weak; and to oppose a monarchy, since that would tend to make France strong. The cynical frankness with which the German statesman avows his object to keep his enemy in a state of impotency caused no surprise, as it was a foregone conclusion. But nothing could be more damaging to the Republicans than his sinister friendship for them—from such a friend they may well pray heartily to be delivered. The caldron is seething with the scoffings of the Legitimists, and the indignant protestations of MM. Gambetta and Thiers. Bismarck's hostility is a godsend to the one; his very kind regards for the other is a damning blow. We need not dwell upon the moral elevation of a system of statesmanship which bluntly aims at keeping one's neighbors down in order that one may himself be great; but it is true, as Bismarck seems to think, that republics—especially French republics—are weaker and less martial than other organic forms? Certainly, the first French Republic did wonders in war, for it held off and finally defeated all the monarchies of Europe joined together. The second republic, as one of its earliest acts, took the bold and aggressive step of occupying Rome. The third republic, in its anarchic infancy, under the hot-headed Gambetta, made a stouter fight against the German hosts than Napoleon III. with all his legions. Nor has the United States—to say nothing of the Republics of Rome, Venice, Genoa, and Switzerland—proved very feeble in conflict, nor very slow to enter upon war, necessarily arising. Bismarck's idea is the old despotic one, that warlike vigor depends upon its initiation and direction by a single royal will; that war is most formidable when proceeding from a central throne. Perhaps he underestimates the strength derived from the assent and enthusiasm of the masses of the peoples upon whom the burden of war falls, and who, once resolved to fight, fight with a unity and zeal which an army of conscripts, ordered to the field by the caprice of a monarch, can seldom be inspired with. Gambetta's best argument, in resisting the misfortune of Bismarck's friendship, is that the chancellor is in error, and that republics can fight, when they resolve to fight, as no other system can; since the whole nation then consorts.

SPAIN has passed through three revolutions in two years: it being but two years since Amadeus abdicated, to be succeeded by the Figueras Republic, which was itself superseded by Serrano a year ago, while the marshal now gives way to Alfonso. The noteworthy feature in all these changes is, that

they have, to all appearance, taken place amid the most stolid indifference on the part of the Spanish people. Don Pedro or Don Juan whiffs away the thought of *coups-d'état* with the smoke of his cigarette; he shrugs his shoulders, wonders languidly what will come next, and goes to new gallantries and a fresh supply of tobacco. The generals and the politicians relieve the people of all responsibility in the matter of changes of government; and a complete overturning produces scarcely a ripple of sensation. Why this is as it is, is perhaps not very hard to explain. The Spaniards have become callous by the long rule of despotism, and especially of priestdom. They have been kept in ignorance, because it did not suit the purposes of their spiritual guides that they should know any thing. They are deplorably ignorant, even the best of them; nor has it even been possible to establish any good system of education among them. France has suffered and still suffers from the same want. Free universities and schools are at this moment violently opposed by the French bishops, who are struggling to retain control over the instruction of the young. They look upon the machinery of education as an instrument to create devotees—not as an element of successful and orderly civilization. Even in England ecclesiasticism is not willing to let education do its proper work unfettered. There the Church insists on teaching doctrine as well as geography in the national schools. In Spain the priests have more completely had their own way than in any other country, and they have preferred that there should be no attempt at general education at all. So Savoy succeeds Bourbon, the republic Savoy, the marshalate the republic, and Bourbon the marshalate; and the people, knowing nothing about either, and in the infancy of civilization, go stolidly on the even tenor of their way.

THE saying of Daniel Webster's, "There is always room at the top"—or, as it is often given, "There is always room upstairs"—is frequently revived for the encouragement of ambitious spirits. The editor of *Scribner's Monthly* brings it forth fresh again, and thinks no wiser or more suggestive word was ever said. It would seem, however, to the matter-of-fact observer, to consist solely of conditional truth—for, if many people, inspired by the thought, should push resolutely for the "top," we should soon find that upper region as overcrowded as the bottom is now. There is scarcely space for a mob of Websters, Gladstones, Tyndalls, Spencers, Longfellows, and scarcely the need for them. It often happens that those gentlemen who have clambered into the airy and roomy spaces above them are almost as useless as they are conspicuous. An ambition to be exalted only occasionally works good, either for the aspirant

or the community; there is a better sort of ambition, that seeks to do worthily and well whatever falls to hand, and is not feverish and restless about the great places above it. It is better that the boatswain should aspire to be the best possible boatswain, than to be made unhappy with the desire of being captain. The bottom-step is just as important to society as the top one. We are not saying all this in any captious fault-finding of our contemporary's sentiments. On the contrary, the following passage seems to be wholly wise and just:

"It is well, first, that all young men remember that nothing will do them so much injury as quick and easy success, and that nothing will do them so much good as a struggle which teaches them exactly what there is in them, educates them gradually to its use, instructs them in personal economy, drills them into a patient and persistent habit of work, and keeps them at the foot of the ladder until they become strong enough to hold every step they are enabled to gain. The first years of every man's business or professional life are years of education. They are intended to be, in the order of Nature and Providence. Doors do not open to a man until he is prepared to enter them. The man without a wedding-garment may get in surreptitiously, but he immediately goes out with a flea in his ear. We think it is the experience of most successful men, who have watched the course of their lives in retrospect, that, whenever they have arrived at a point where they were thoroughly prepared to go up higher, the door to a higher place has swung back of itself, and they have heard the call to enter. The old die, or voluntarily retire for rest. The best men, who stand ready to take their places, will succeed to their position, and its honors and emoluments."

ON the night of November 19th a fire broke out in the emigrant-ship *Cospatrik*, while on her way to New Zealand, which resulted in the loss of nearly five hundred persons. On December 28th a telegram to London from St. Helena announced the arrival at Madeira of three survivors of the lost ship. The intelligence of the calamity was thus first made known to the British public forty-one days after it occurred. Now, here were fully supplied all the conditions by which the spiritual "mediums" might have given us a crucial test of the authenticity of their powers; but they did nothing of the kind. No hint, no whisper, no remote guess, no shadow of an intimation of the great calamity, came from them. Assuredly, if departed spirits have the inclination and the power to communicate with mortals here, this inclination would have been felt and the power manifested by some one of the four hundred and seventy-five persons lost at sea on that fatal night. There were many friends in England, some of whom were mentally following, with anxious apprehensions, day by day, the course of the lone ship; there were others resting hopefully and confidently in its safety; to some one of these friends the dreadful tidings ought to have been given, and, we

may confidently assert, would have been given by the departed ones, had there been the power to do so. Is not this case almost absolute proof that spiritualism is wholly and completely a delusion? Is it possible to believe, spiritualism being true, that spirits in a case like this would fail to make use of their powers—would fail to seek out their friends here, and make known their translation to another sphere? We hear of a great many spirits coming back here to amuse their friends with weak sentimentalism and meaningless twaddle—for once having something of real importance to say, they could scarcely have failed to seize upon the opportunity to utter it. In the calamity that befell the passengers of the *Cospatrik*, spiritualism has not only failed to supply the crucial test demanded, but a test fairly crucial in character has been supplied which demonstrates the falsity of the belief.

A RECENT election in England may give a hint to those who are dissatisfied with the caucus system, and are casting about for a remedy. Two Liberals presented themselves as candidates before the people, thus threatening to divide the party strength. It occurred to some one to suggest that, to avoid this evil, it would be well to ascertain the real preference of all the Liberal electors as between the rivals. They agreed to submit to a test; and a week before the election an informal poll was had at a tavern, and all Liberals were invited to deposit their ballots for one or the other candidate. For three days this opportunity was offered; and, at the end, it was found that three-fourths of the party had registered their will. Agents of the candidates were present to challenge all those who, not being Liberals, attempted to vote. Such a plan as this would be quite practicable, at least in most of our country towns; and it would have the advantage over caucuses of obtaining the fullest party expression. There could be no "packed" nominations, and the chances would be that better men would oftener be elected for office than is now the case.

Literary.

MR. CONANT'S translation of Lermontoff's "Circassian Boy" * is more valuable because it presents to us a peculiar, and in some senses typical, production of the Russian mind, than because it adds any thing of special worth to our treasury of poetic beauty, or to our collection of great masterpieces. There is nothing in the poem itself to entitle it to very high rank among the more remarkable of those productions that know no country, but are "classics of humanity;" but it is characteristic of a type

* "The Circassian Boy." Translated, through the German, from the Russian of Michail Lermontoff, by S. S. Conant. Boston: Osgood.

of mind of which we know too little, and gives us glimpses of surroundings that are peculiarly strange.

It is characteristic of its author; but its author was a still more typical outgrowth of his nation and his time. Of the Russian poet Puschkin, we of other nations have known much, and he may perhaps be counted among the few Russian writers whose names are somewhat familiar to the ears of the general reader; but of the others—Lermontoff and Kolzoff—in what Mr. Conant calls "the triad of illustrious poets whose genius illuminated the literature of Russia in the first half of the present century"—little is known outside their own country and its neighborhood of Slavonic peoples. We are indebted to Mr. Conant for an excellent recapitulation of their short lives and stormy work.

Puschkin (born in 1799) began his active life by entering the Russian civil service immediately after leaving the academy at which he had been educated. He held a position in the department of foreign affairs; but, like most of the more brilliant young Russians, he was an earnest (and, according to the fashion of time and place, a most hot-headed) liberal in his political views; and one of his earliest poetic works, the "Ode to Liberty," led to his exile from St. Petersburg to Odessa, where he held a minor government office. This was in 1820; but in 1825 he was recalled by the Emperor Nicholas, and, according to Mr. Conant, was forced to "choose between the office of chamberlain" (his acceptance of which would be naturally regarded as highly humiliating by his fellow-liberals) "and exile to the Caucasus." According to authorities other than Mr. Conant, the office was that of historiographer of Peter I. (perhaps a still more humiliating post for a man of Puschkin's way of thinking). Whatever the office was, he accepted it; but his self-reproach and sense of humiliation were so great, that he plunged into dissipation of every sort to forget his shame. From this point Mr. Conant tells his story thus:

"He surrounded himself with boon companions, whom he soon suspected of having corrupted his wife, a beautiful and refined woman, who had shared his exile, and whom he passionately loved. To make matters worse, anonymous letters inflamed his suspicions. He was openly taunted with his misfortune. Danthes, an officer of the guards, was supposed to be the preferred lover. Puschkin sought him out, showed him the letters, and demanded reparation. To allay his suspicions, Danthes asked for the hand of the sister of the poet's wife. The marriage took place; but new complications soon arose, and Puschkin provoked a duel with Danthes. The officer had the first fire, and Puschkin fell, mortally wounded. Raising himself on his arm, he fired at his antagonist, who fell to the ground wounded in the shoulder. Believing him dead, Puschkin threw his pistol at his head, with the bitter words: 'I thought the death of that man would have pleased me more!' But Danthes recovered. Puschkin died after a lingering agony. Nicholas would not suffer him to die in peace. Fearing, it is surmised, that the poet might have revenged himself upon the czar in a satire or

invective, Nicholas sent an agent to his bedside to demand all his papers in exchange for the payment of his debts, and a pension to his wife and children. The persecution extended even to the grave. Puschkin was denied a public burial. His body was taken by agents of the czar to a church in the dead of a winter night, mass was hurriedly said by a priest sent for that purpose, and the corpse was then thrown with little ceremony into a grave assigned it by the czar. Puschkin was only thirty-seven years old at the time of his death."

Lermontoff led a life, if possible, sadder than that of his fellow-poet, though without the abnegation of principle that caused Puschkin such wretchedness and shame. He was a noble of high family, and at an early age entered the aristocratic corps of the guards. He was early known as a poet, and was a warm friend and ardent admirer and follower of Puschkin, by whose fate his own was singularly influenced; for an ode written by him on the death of his comrade and leader gave such offense at court that he was immediately banished to the Caucasus. "In that wild and magnificent country," says Mr. Conant, "he spent the best years of his life. An unhappy temperament, caustic and exacting, led him into constant broils with his brother-officers, and he was involved in several affairs of honor. His first duel was expiated by a long imprisonment in a fortress; in his last he received a mortal wound." Thus he too fell in a duel and in exile, when he had spent but thirty years in that stormy career that seems to have been the half-enforced, half-chosen expression of the longings for wider liberty that inspired these turbulent natures growing up in the bonds of a peculiarly bitter despotism.

"Lermontoff died too early," sums up Mr. Conant, "and his brief career was too wild and turbulent to allow the full development of his genius. His poetry, like his life, exhibits the most striking contrasts and contradictions. He composed rapidly, when in the mood, and rarely took the pains to revise and polish his verse. As it was written, so he let it stand. He had done with it. He never wrote in cold blood, or for the sake of writing. His poetry is the expression of some strong emotion, either of love or hatred, admiration or scorn; and, in many of his works, we find the same strange mingling of pathos, irony, wit, and humor, so characteristic of the poetry of Byron. Lermontoff has, in fact, been called the Byron of Russia."

Even through the necessary transformations of a double translation, we can see how true this comparison is. The whole spirit and tone of "The Circassian Boy" are so like some of Byron's minor works (perhaps "Mazeppa" is an unjust instance, yet it comes to our mind from certain similarities in the verse, and a little likeness in a part of the scenery) that we could almost fancy it a continuation or close following of some of the English poet's composition. Witness this passage:

"I fled! O strange and wild delight,
In friendship with the tempest straying!
My spirit looked abroad uncowed;

And when the lightning rent the cloud
I sprang to grasp it through the rain!
Say, Graybeard, hast thou aught to give
Within these dismal walls, that form
My prison-house of dread and pain,
Better than one free hour to live
In riotous fellowship with storm?"

Bodenstedt's translation was undoubtedly a nearly perfect one—certainly not an unjust one to the author; no one who knows (or knows of) the remarkable writer of Mirza Schaffy's poems can doubt it. And Mr. Conant has rendered it into excellent English verse, with much true ring and life in it. In these two hands Lermontoff's work has probably escaped with as little loss as was possible in its passage through three different languages.

It was Professor de Morgan, we believe, who spoke of certain writers as "foolometers"—excellent measures and indicators of the degree of folly attainable by the human mind; and he considered them not unworthy of consideration from time to time, that the world might be kept informed of the point which had been reached.

On this ground, perhaps, it will be interesting to note here the appearance of a most amazing and (if it gives a correct indication of the point above referred to) most startling book that has recently appeared under the title of "The Bewildered Querists."* We do not purpose to inflict upon long-suffering readers even a synopsis of this would-be funny book's most hopeless dreariness. It purports to set forth the minutes of the proceedings of "The Metropolitan Society of Bewildered Querists," a fancied organization which is formed with the apparent purpose of showing how much entirely inane and desolate feebleness may be put into the mouths of a given number of fictitious personages. These people read essays abounding in the witticisms of Mr. Crofton; and if that gentleman will buy up the entire edition of his own work, and devote himself, in some congenial retirement far from his unappreciative fellow-men, to gleefully felicitating himself over his own jokes (as he evidently did while composing them), we can assure him that more solid satisfaction can be got out of the book in this fashion than by any other known method; and that the community who have been accustomed to find something in volumes published by the Putnams, and may, therefore, be deceived into perusing this, will heartily appreciate the benefaction this course of proceeding will be to them.

THE series of lectures on "Dress Reform,"† edited by Miss Abba Gould Woolson, is a new return to an ever-vexed and most difficult problem, in the discussion of which both sense and nonsense have abounded. Miss Woolson's collection of lectures

* The Bewildered Querists, and other Nonsense. By Francis Blake Crofton. New York: Putnams.

† Dress Reform, a Series of Lectures delivered in Boston on Dress, as it affects the Health of Women. Edited by Abba Gould Woolson. Boston: Roberts.

does not belong to that class of books which have contributed to make their cause ridiculous in the eyes of many impartial readers; yet, at the same time, it is not satisfactory as a discussion of the subject, for there constantly appear in it traces of that entire inability to keep their tempers, which seems, sad to say, to be inherent in the characters of female reformers. It seems almost useless to suggest to ladies that, when they will discuss subjects with the fairness of spirit of Dr. Clarke's works, they will gain the hearing which they bitterly complain of his receiving. They could not well have better models.

Miss Woolson's book contains lectures by the following persons: Mary J. Safford-Blake, M. D.; Caroline E. Hastings, M. D.; Mercy B. Jackson, M. D.; Arvilla B. Haynes, M. D.; and Miss Woolson herself.

"A RIDE ON HORSEBACK THROUGH THE HOLY LAND," by L. L. A. (Henry Hoyt, Boston), is a story of a lady's journey in Palestine, told, after her return to her Sunday-school class, in some American vestry. Criticised from this point of view, the book is a pleasant one; but, as a book of travels, it is of no value, since its author, like so many authors, appears to have been more interested in detailing her personal experience than in describing what she saw. Nor does she seem to have been one of those observers who quietly absorb and retain the beauties of all that they visit, keep its aspects always fresh for the pleasure of future recollection, and reproduce it skillfully for others. We fancy that the book would be of more interest to the lady's own Sunday-school class than to other similar classes—a bad test of its general value, but perhaps all that its author undertook.

"The Last Journals of David Livingstone," just published in London, excite no little interest. The *Saturday Review* commends the editing of the book by Mr. Horace Waller, thinks it "a fortunate circumstance that the records of Livingstone's last expedition did not perish with him," and closes its notice with a testimonial to the great traveller: "On the whole, the book can hardly be called other than a painful one, and yet it is worth while to receive the painful impression in order to appreciate the noble perseverance of one of the very first of all the heroes of travel. It is impossible to put it down without a new sense of the moral grandeur of Livingstone's character, even if his efforts seem to have been in some degree misdirected." The *Athenaeum* thinks the thanks of the public are due the editor and his fellow-laborers, and says: "The diary is not, as might have been supposed, a mere itinerary, with a few brief notes and memoranda; it is a full and detailed narrative of travel, with descriptions of scenery copied from Nature on the spot, remarks on the manners and customs of the natives, anecdotes of the habits of wild animals, and essays on the physical geography of the countries traversed by the great explorer, countries for the most part hitherto unknown. It is a bold assertion to make, but we doubt whether Livingstone would have improved this book had he lived to return and prepare it for the press, for he was not a literary artist; and the best passages in his previous works are

probably those which he copied from his journals."

Mr. Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort" wins from the London press very great praise. "He has accomplished his task," says the *Saturday Review*, "with a success which could scarcely have been anticipated. His biography of Prince Albert would be valuable and instructive even if it were addressed to remote and indifferent readers who had no special interest in the English court or in the royal family. Prince Albert's actual celebrity is inseparably associated with the high position which he occupied, but his claim to permanent reputation depends on the moral and intellectual qualities which were singularly adapted to the circumstances of his career. In any rank of life he would probably have attained distinction; but his prudence, his self-denial, and his aptitude for acquiring practical knowledge could scarcely have found a more suitable field of exercise than in his peculiar situation as the unacknowledged head of a constitutional monarchy."

Under the title of "English Men of Science," Mr. Francis Galton has compiled rather an interesting book out of some statistics he has got together. "We know before," says the *Athenaeum*, "that a scientific man of eminence usually possesses a good deal of energy and independence of character; but Mr. Galton may fairly claim to have shown that these qualities have been in most cases conspicuous in one or both the parents."

Music and the Drama.

IT is customary for many critics to talk about the superiority of the French stage, and no doubt a great majority of theatre-goers assume as a settled fact that the art of the Gallic theatre is more perfect and finished than our own. Without disputing the general accuracy of this opinion, we purpose giving the reader a free and off-hand comparison between the rendition of the drama of "The Two Orphans" at the Union-Square Theatre, in this city, and its performance at the Châtelet, in Paris, it having been our fortune to see the play at both places. We also saw it performed at one of the London theatres, but there it was too poorly done to be worth a moment's consideration.

"The Two Orphans," as presented in Paris, was described at length by our correspondent, Mrs. Hooper, several months ago (*JOURNAL* of May 9th). The reader will recollect that the play made a marked sensation of a certain kind in Paris; that, originally produced at one of the cheaper theatres, its success was so great that it was removed to the more spacious quarters of the Châtelet, where it continued to draw crowded houses for many months. The play, however, was never designed for the fastidious and cultured few; it is a powerful emotional drama, not particularly new in its motive or its characters, but put together with a skill well calculated to give it a strong hold on the sensibilities of that immense middle class who are easier reached through their emotions than their intelligence. It is a masterly production of its kind; but that kind is not, in an art-sense, the highest. It may be

questioned, however, whether a drama wholly pure in story and language, and eminently calculated to seize upon the best sympathies of the heart, is not entitled, on the score of morals, and in the interests of humanity, to a higher place than a drama which brings us brilliant art, freshness of incident, original characterization, and yet is tainted with unlawful passions. But we have drifted a little from our purpose, which is to compare the production of the play in the two cities.

The Union-Square version, so far as we can recall the facts, seems to us to have every advantage of scenery, costume, and practical accessories, that the Paris play possessed. The Paris stage was larger, and the Union Square suffers a little, perhaps, in comparison with the imposing character of the Paris sets; but the details here are, if any thing, better carried out. Here the play is compacted somewhat by bringing the dénouement more swiftly on after the great climactic scene—the discovery of the blind girl and the struggle between the two brothers—and advantageously so, for the story is told, and the play artistically at an end. In management, outlay, care, and skill, our New-York version is, if any thing, rather better than the Parisian.

It is commonly believed that the French actors are not only more artistic than ours, but that all minor details are more carefully looked after. It is thought that a French actor's scrutiny overlooks nothing—that the illusion of the scene is rendered perfect by a forethought and intelligence that master the whole picture in all its minutia. It is a mistake. Gallic art can trip as well as ours. At the Union Square, when the *Comtesse De Linieres* is brought, during a snow-storm, in her sedan-chair to the church, the chair is set down twenty feet from the entrance, and the countess sweeps over the stage to the church-steps with her train dragging in the snow and dirt. But, then, the French actress does the same thing. What actress, French, German, English, or American, is there who would surrender an opportunity to display her dresses to the exigencies of the drama? Art may perish, but toilets must be displayed. The actress who, on the French stage, plays the old hag, *La Frochard*, gave a splendid personation of the part, but, admirably as she was made-up, she forgot one detail, and all through the play displayed most incongruously a small, white, lady-like hand, in a character wholly composed of ferocity and ugliness. Charlotte Cushman paints every vein in her arms and hands for *Meg Merrilies*; the French actress overlooked a really important detail in her make-up. In the scene of the fight between the two brothers—where the faint-hearted cripple plucks up courage to resist the brutal tyranny of the elder—the French actor raved and stormed about, threw up his arms, turned his back upon his assailant, until this senseless exposure to his antagonist destroyed the illusion—it was simply impossible that he should not be knocked down and killed under such circumstances. The American actor committed no such serious blunder. In fact, mistakes are nearly as common at the Paris theatres as with us. At the *Comédie Française*,

the most severe and classical theatre in the world, we saw Voltaire's "Zaire." In one scene, a pavilion, a great flood of light seems to pour from an upper window down the tapestried side of the room. During the play a night-scene occurs in the same apartment, but the painted stream of sunlight pours all the same through the window and down the side of the room. We cite this as an instance that the price of perfection in art is eternal vigilance, and that the Gallic mind is not infallible.

As a whole, the actors at the Union Square are not inferior to the original personations in Paris. Miss Claxton, as the blind girl, is peculiarly good: she has not the impassive doll-face of the French actress (who was, however, very charming in the part), and knows how to infuse into it a nervous susceptibility and a sensitive tremor, not exhibited by the Gallic original. The French actress (Angèle Moreau) gained great popularity by her personation of the part, which she acted for several hundred nights, through many mutations in the cast. The elder orphan, *Henriette*, is played here with less dramatic force, but with more charm and grace; it realizes the ideal of the part somewhat better. The countess (Miss Morant) is less monotonous and dreary; indeed, all the scenes between the count (Mr. Parcele) and the countess have more vivacity and strength. The big, burly vagabond, *Jacques Frochard*, is good in both renditions, with more dash on the French stage. The Parisian gave a better idea of the vain and handsome fop; the American made the brutality and heartlessness of the character more marked. Mr. Mackay as *Pierre*, the cripple, is very good; better, we think, than the personation on the other side. He looks too old for the part. Miss Rytting as *Marianne* gives a striking picture; if our recollections serve us accurately, it is a better personation than the Paris one, better even as a Parisian picture of a certain class of abandoned women. The French rendition was conspicuously better in one character only. Mrs. Wilkins as the old hag *La Frochard* is excellent; the picture is one full of strong, broad, and effective features; but it is not the true Parisian hag—it is not a portraiture of that strange and terrible product of Parisian slums which has so often made its mark upon history, which has exhibited in memorable scenes a fiendishness and passionate frenzy of hate which the other sex in its worst has never displayed. It would be impossible for an actress to act the part justly without adequate opportunity to study the originals, and even then only certain temperaments could succeed. Mrs. Wilkins gives us an effective picture of its kind; it is a good English or American hag; but the Revolution is not there. One does not see the type of the hideous demons that on one terrible day swarmed out of Paris toward Versailles, and later followed Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. This character is the one masterly and terrible picture on the French stage, and nowhere else than in Paris could one see the original or find the art to reproduce it.

Altogether the New-York stage has done exceedingly well. But we have a word to say

about the New-York audiences as compared with the French. When the old woman *La Frochard* drags the blind girl *Louise* through the streets, compelling her to sing and beg, the sympathies of the French spectators become keenly aroused. As the old hag pinches the young girl, murmurs of indignation and cries of suffering arise from the audience. To every blow or pinch there is a responsive thrill through the vast concourse. Men and women, old and young, are seen weeping at the picture. On one occasion an impulsive auditor cried out in his distress, "For God's sake, don't hurt her!" It is even stated that a party of indignant people once went around to the stage-door after the play, bent upon inflicting punishment upon the woman who had thus injured the innocent and the helpless. At the New-York theatre the scene is effectively acted, but the audience, so far as it is moved at all, gives utterance to a desirous laugh. May we not philosophize upon this difference? Are we to discover in the keen and responsive sensibilities of the French audience those impetuous passions and hot impulses that so often explode in volcanic throes, that spasmodically make revolutions and unmake dynasties? If so, are we also to discern in the scornful mirth of the American audience evidence of national hardness and of a prevalent skeptical insensibility? We know the sort of danger that lurks in the French manifestation—do we understand that which underlies the American?

The English actress, Mrs. Rousby, made her first appearance in New York last week, appearing at the Lyceum as Princess Elizabeth in Tom Taylor's adaptation of a German play by Charlotte von Birchpfeiffer, known as "Twixt Axe and Crown." The play, which has been acted before in America, but which is little known, is an effective, picturesque drama in five acts; it is well put together, and has several strong situations of a familiar type. There is a scheming priest, an impetuous and heroic lover, a wily and cold-blooded diplomat, a winning and beautiful princess—the ingredients we know to be good, they have been tested so often. Nevertheless the plan is written in good verse, and altogether takes a respectable place among the second-class dramas. The story is of Princess Elizabeth, in her twentieth year, when plans were ripe on one hand to depose Mary in her favor, and on the other to be rid of an heir-apparent to the throne, whose Protestant proclivities were dangerous to various interests. History tells us that a union was planned between Edward Courtenay, Duke of Devonshire, and Elizabeth, with the purpose of elevating them to the throne; the play assumes that a powerful attachment existed between Courtenay and Elizabeth; and out of this human element, interwoven with the plots and intrigues of the court, the story is constructed.

It was commonly reported that Mrs. Rousby was more beautiful than skillful as an actress. We cannot question her personal attractions, but they are not greater than some other favorites on the stage; while on the other hand her acting is very good. At first an off-hand and somewhat careless man-

ner gives little indication of her talents; but she soon grows upon the auditor's liking, and in the great scenes rises to decided excellence. Her marked merits are simplicity and naturalness. There is only occasionally the conventional stage method, or the stage exaggeration; sometimes there is a weakness or deficiency in the delineation; she is often almost bad in minor details, and has very far from attained that perfect art which, while adequate to great scenes, never neglects the most insignificant ones; but, as a whole, her acting is very intelligent, truthful, and highly agreeable. It is somewhat singular that so handsome a woman should be so awkward in her movements, and yet just as her expression rises to the needs of passions, so do her movements. Awkward while in repose, she becomes in passionate scenes singularly graceful and effective. A style fresh and natural united with beauty and manner singularly winning are calculated to make this actress a great favorite with the people. As played at the Lyceum, "Twixt Axe and Crown" is not strongly cast, but Courtenay, in the hands of Mr. George Clark, was pleasantly rendered.

We find in the London *Musical World* a paragraph as follows: "The recent regulations promulgated, forbidding artists belonging to the Imperial Opera-house in Vienna from acknowledging the applause of the audience or accepting recalls in the course of an act, are evidently not intended to be a dead letter. This is a truth that Herr Müller has learned to his cost. About a fortnight ago, that gentleman, overjoyed at the plaudits awarded him in a certain scene of 'Fra Diavolo,' came forward to the float and gracefully bowed his gratitude. On going off the stage, he was officially informed that he had incurred a fine, and would have to pay forty-five florins, i. e., about four pounds ten, English money, that amount being three per cent. on his salary for one month." This bears on a stage nuisance no less common in America than in Germany. It would be a worthy reform if managers would adopt similar measures to check the vanity of singers and actors, who do not hesitate to mar the symmetry of a performance by thus stepping out of the artist into the individual. A hearty recognition from an audience is always gratifying, but the farthest stretch of courtesy does not require him to violate the rules of art. In concert the individuality of the artist is always prominent. In the drama or opera the performer is a part of the whole, and if he quits his place in the picture, even for a moment, the effect is by no means agreeable to persons of cultivated taste. The mental impressions which respond to the aims of dramatic art are of a peculiar nature, and a mere trifle sometimes makes all the difference between success and failure in pleasurable results.

There is hardly a night when a favorite artist, doing some effective stroke of work, is not tempted to violate the symmetry of a performance. Nilsson, Lucca, Kellogg, and all the great singers, will bow and smile sweetly to the audience at the patter of the white kids, though it be in the "mad scene" of "Lucia," or in the superb love-scene of

the fourth act of "The Huguenots." Many of our principal actors do not hesitate to commit the same error. Salvini is the only one, we remember, who held his art so high that he disdained to step from his pedestal when he was in the midst of a scene. The custom we refer to is a time-honored one, but "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Audiences would soon learn to pardon an apparent omission of courtesy, having its source in a high art-purpose.

MR. GILBERT'S comedy of "The Palace of Truth" was played for the first time in New York, though not for the first time in America, at Daly's Theatre, on Monday evening of last week. The drama has the same fanciful, poetical hue as the others of the same author, which deal with mythical facts and characters, and is constructed with no less ingenuity. The action of the play takes place in an enchanted palace, and hinges on the passage of a fairy talisman from hand to hand, which, unknown to the possessor, has the power of saving him from the influence of the magic atmosphere that inspires each to reveal his real character. The different characters of the play are subjected to the test, and under its magic they betray themselves into many humorous and striking situations. No one, while the victim of the truth-compelling charm, is at all conscious that he is violating etiquette or consistency, an innocence which heightens the quaint force and freshness of the play. All, except the temporary possessor of the talisman, speak from the heart. Sycophantic courtiers give utterance to the bile and hatred rankling in the breast; the hypocrite frankly unveils his double-dealing; the blustering hero confesses his innate cowardice; and the reserved maiden pours out the secret passion which she had smothered under a bosom of snow. The dialogue is witty and charming, and is written in elegantly smooth and idiomatic blank-verse. The situations are ordered for consecutive effect, and the characters well contrasted, though, of course, the general atmosphere of the play deprives them of any thing like real human vitality. This is the price which the author has to pay for dealing with such a peculiar theme.

Miss Leclercq represented the principal part—that of *Princess Ecclide*—with the finished art which ordinarily characterizes her histrionic work. At times there was more than a suggestion of staginess in her elocution, but this was the only fault which marred the excellence of her execution. Mr. Louis James played *Prince Phalanis* creditably, and the general acting and stage-setting were above reproach.

MR. ASGER HAMERICK, the accomplished conductor of the musical department of the Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, has announced the winter series of symphony concerts to be given in that city. As might be expected, the favorite pupil of Hector Berlioz has given that French master a prominent place in his programmes. In fact, he is almost as much of a devotee of Berlioz as Theodore Thomas is of Wagner and his school. It is a little surprising that Mr.

Hamerick, who occupies so prominent a place as a composer and conductor, should not have given a little more place to the illustration of the great modern German *cultus* in music, which is not only seeking to reform styles of composition, but shaking the world of art by the subversion of some of its traditional principles. Hector Berlioz and Richard Wagner, though professed foes in the olden time, approach each other very nearly in many essential points. Among these may be mentioned the treatment of the orchestra as a vehicle of picturesque description, instead of mere suggestion and feeling, to which it had been principally confined in earlier times.

Baltimore audiences, however, will feel compensated in the carefulness of the programmes in other respects, as representative of the different schools of composers. Among the interesting features of the series will be an "American Night," in which the "Arcadian Symphony" and the "Overture to Casilda," by Messrs. Bristow and Bassford, of this city, will bear the principal part. There are several native works for the orchestra which are worthy of the best interpretation, and it is desirable that the example set by Mr. Hamerick, himself so widely known by his "Nordish Suite," may be followed by other great orchestras.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

December 18, 1874.

THE great question of the day continues to be the new Opera-House. Who is to be present on the opening night, who is to sing, and on what conditions are tickets to be procured, are problems as yet unsolved, and apparently unsolvable. Nilsson at first declared that she would not sing unless the opera of "Hamlet," and the whole opera at that, were to be performed; but the intercession of M. de Villemessant, the editor of *Figaro*, has proved sufficiently potent with the fair Swede to induce her to rescind her determination. She will, therefore, appear, in all probability, in the third and fourth acts of "Hamlet." The rest of the programme for the inaugural performance has not yet been determined upon, but the *Casta Diva*, with graceful thoughtfulness for a composer's fame, has requested that some portion of "Faust" be included in it; and, in view of the heavy pecuniary sacrifice which she makes in order to have the honor of reigning the presiding *diva* of the opening night, her request will, in all probability, be granted. The work at the Opera-House is proceeding day and night, and the huge scenes are already in process of removal to their destination. I met, in the Rue Scribe the other day, the street-scene of "La Juive," borne on the shoulders of a multitude of men, and looking a quarter of a mile long at the smallest computation. There is, however, far from being that perfect satisfaction with the new Opera-House in musical circles which might have been expected from the elaborateness and duration of the work there-

on. One of the leading musicians of the orchestra declares that not only is the auditorium too small, but the space allotted to the musicians is much too restricted, as there should have been room left in the orchestra for one hundred performers, that being the number required for a gala performance, while there is barely space enough for eighty, the force usually employed, and that with close crowding. The pervading color of the auditorium, a pale *café-au-lait* hue, is said also to light badly, and the theatre itself has a crushed-down, squat appearance, which will be rather increased than diminished when the gigantic chandelier is once suspended from the dome. But the *foyer*, with its gilding and its frescoes, and its vestibule all gold and Venetian mosaic, is an immense success—so much so that my musical friend declared that it makes but little difference as to who will sing on the opening night, as nobody will listen to the performers, if, indeed, the audience can be lured back into their seats after they once get fairly entranced amid the artistic riches and glittering splendors of the *foyer*. Complaints have also been made that too much space, which was sorely needed elsewhere, has been wasted on the lounging-room for the footmen and lackeys, and altogether the success of the new Opera-House—if success it be—is far from being carried by a unanimous vote. M. de Villemessant, to whose intercession M. Hulanier is to owe the services of Nilsson for the opening night, was offered, by the grateful manager, any favor which he might have it in his power to bestow; and the gentleman in question, with a keen eye to business, requested that the Opera-House should be lighted up and thrown open to the subscribers of the *Figaro* for one evening prior to its formal inauguration. The request has been granted, so it is with that premium to offer that the *Figaro* will inaugurate the opening of its new subscription-list. Each subscriber is to receive two tickets of admission, and so rigorously is the privilege to be confined to the subscribers that M. de Villemessant warns his most intimate friends, through the columns of his sprightly journal, that, unless they are on his list, it will be useless for them to appeal to his friendship or to his generosity for permission to participate in this unusual festivity.

I had, the other day, the great pleasure of being present at the inauguration of a new member of the sacred Forty of the French Academy. As tickets for these solemnities are very hard to obtain, the occasions themselves occurring but rarely, as new members are only chosen when a vacancy has been caused by death, I appreciated the privilege to its fullest extent. I was obliged to go one hour before the doors opened, in order to secure a good seat, as the crowd is always very great, and that hour's waiting on the cold steps of the Palais de l'Institut on a December day was not a cheerful feat to achieve. However, I *did* achieve it, and was rewarded for my patience and perseverance by obtaining a very good place, quite near to the speakers of the day. The hall wherein the sittings of this most important literary body in the world takes place is quite small, and is mod-

eled in shape after the Parthenon, being lighted from above by a dome set with windows. The tribune for the speakers occupies one side of the room, and on either side of it are arranged the benches for the members in a small semicircular amphitheatre, the *fauteuils* of the Academy about which one hears so much being mere figures of speech. The other three sides of the hall and the centre of the floor are taken up with seats for the audience; they will accommodate, I should think, about three hundred persons.

At one o'clock the academicians entered in very unceremonious fashion, and the ceremony began. It was an extremely simple one; the only formula observed being the pronunciation of a eulogium by the newly-received member on his deceased predecessor, after which one of the academicians, especially selected by the body for that purpose, delivers a speech of welcome to the new colleague, and the whole affair is at an end. Very few of the members, not more than half a dozen, I think, wore the official uniforms of the Academy, which consists of a black dress-coat, bordered with a broad band of olive-leaves embroidered in shaded green silk; the rest were in their ordinary walking-attire. The proceedings would have been intensely interesting to me had I ever heard before in all my life of the newly-elected member, M. Mezières. His claims to his high literary position appear to be the publication of sundry works on foreign literature, and the post of professor at the Sorbonne. Why he should have been chosen when Taine was excluded is a mystery to me, but I believe that polished mediocrity, joined to orthodox opinions, are a surer passport into the ranks of the academicians than is genuine talent or positive genius. M. Mezières is a man about forty-five years of age, handsome and dignified-looking, and his newly-donned uniform became him well. After all the members had taken their seats, M. Rousset, the president of the day, rose and said, "M. Mezières has the floor," which M. Mezières proceeded to take and to hold for an unlimited length of time. For one hour and a quarter did he solemnly descant upon the virtues and the greatness of his predecessor, M. Saint-Marc Girardin, who, according to his showing, fully merited the first division of his surname. His discourse was, as might have been expected, polished, sonorous, and intensely dull, and I caught myself thinking more than once about Josh Billings's remark respecting long sermons: "If a man can't strike ile after twenty minutes' boring, either there is no ile whar he's boring, or he has a mighty bad borer." M. Camille Rousset, who is a stout, dark-eyed, pleasant-looking gentleman, seemed dreadfully worried with his lemon-colored kid-gloves; first he pulled off one and then the other, and finally he crossed his hands on his chest, in exactly such an attitude as though he were about to twiddle his thumbs, and I am sure he must have felt like doing it. At last the long recital of M. Saint-Marc Girardin's good qualities came to an end, and then we had a very bright and charming discourse from M. Rousset, wherein he paid a great many compliments to his new *confrère*,

and took occasion to discourse learnedly about Shakespeare, Goethe (whose name he pronounced "Goete"), and Dante (whom he styled "Dant"), the great French Academy apparently thinking it is useless to pronounce aright the names of foreign authors. There is nothing in the world so fascinating as French politeness in its highest development, and words fail me wherein to adequately describe the graceful courtesy and suavity of accent with which, at a certain point in his speech, M. Rousset inclined toward M. Mezières, and said, "We welcome you, sir, into our midst" (*soyez le bien-venu, monsieur, parmi nous*). Among the ranks of the academicians were pointed out to me by Jules Sandeau, who has grown bald and stout, and retains no trace of the personal beauty which once won the wild heart of Aurore Dudevant, and linked the first half of his surname to the renown of the greatest female author of our century; Émile Augier, aged and fragile-looking, with a dreary poetic face, and resembling more one's ideal of a religious ascetic than that of a successful dramatist; Ernest Legure, a fine-looking man with an intelligent pair of keen dark eyes; the Duke de Broglie, M. Jules Favre, and other notabilities. At one side of the president of the day sat M. Patin, a thin old gentleman with a face resembling in feature the published portraits of Voltaire, but without the malicious expression. It was past three o'clock when M. Rousset's address was terminated, and then the assembly broke up as unceremoniously as it had begun. It was an intensely interesting occasion to me, and would have been still more so had the orators of the day been either of them men of something more than local fame. When Alexandre Dumas is received next month, the ceremony will be one to behold and to remember. And I missed from among the ranks of the academicians the massive and silver-crowned head of the greatest of them all—Victor Hugo—he who is so great that it is a marvel to me how he ever came to be elected academician.

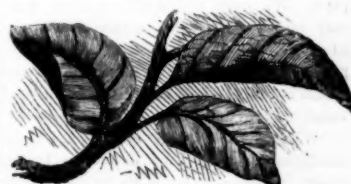
Here is a bit of gossip respecting the personal appearance of the leading artists of France: M. Cabanel is a handsome, stalwart-looking gentleman, somewhere about fifty years of age, with snow-white hair and beard, and a pair of unusually brilliant and piercing dark eyes; his manners are the extreme of graceful refinement and courtesy. Gustave Doré is almost boyishly youthful in appearance, and, though his hair and eyes are dark, he has the fresh, rosy complexion of a born Alsatian. He wears a mustache, but his cheeks and chin are smoothly shaved. The frank simplicity of his address, and his total freedom from conceit and vanity, are very remarkable. Gérôme is as thin as a ghost, and looks like a very hermit of painting; he works in cold weather in a wadded suit, which lends consistency but scarcely a charm to his appearance. Boulanger is short and stout, and dark-eyed, and is very agreeable in manner, while Gérôme is cross and dislikes visitors. The magnificent head of Meissonnier, and his nobly-proportioned chest, might tempt the pencil of a painter or the chisel of a sculptor, but his legs are wholly disproportionate to his *torso*, being about the size of

those of a boy of twelve. His head, with its massive brow, iron-gray beard, and "tempest of wild hair," is one of the most picturesque I have ever beheld. Toulmouche is plump and jolly-looking, with a full-grown beard, and a pair of kindly-twinkling gray eyes; his manners are as winning as his appearance. Jacques Bertrand is still quite young, and is a tall, handsome fellow. It is impossible to imagine a more picturesque figure than he presents in his painting-suit of brown velvet. —L. H. H.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

AN INSECT'S TOMB AND CRADLE.

THE fortunate naturalist who, in the distribution of tasks, finds himself assigned to that department relating to the homes of insects and the study of the methods of their construction, will soon find in his work a charm that shall amply repay him for all his labors. Nor need one be a student by profession to receive a full measure of delight from the contemplation of the works of Na-



ture, as shown in the habits and methods of insects, as illustrated in the construction of their homes and storehouses.

In our last number attention was briefly directed to a few of the vegetable wonders of the valley of the Amazon, and it is to the same region that we shall now return. Our guide in these further researches will be Mr. H. W. Bates, whose recent work, "The Naturalist on the Amazon," merits a just recognition by all those who would know more of a world they have not yet seen. Devoting our present work to the description of one of these insect artisans of this region, we will notice the peculiar habits of those caterpillars which, in the methods of building their cocoons, seem to have been either the instructors or pupils of the oriole, or some other of the birds who build hanging nests. The creature which builds the hanging tomb, illustrated above, is found near Ega, on the upper waters of the Amazon. Its work, as described by Mr. Bates, from personal observation, consists of a cocoon almost the size of a sparrow's-egg, woven in broad meshes of buff or rose colored silk, suspended from the extreme tip of an out-

standing leaf by a strong silken thread, five or six inches in length. Choosing a branch which reaches out and across one of the narrow and secluded alleys of the forest, the cautious weaver begins its work, letting itself slowly down upon the tip of the leaf it has chosen for an anchorage. Here, having first securely attached its silken cable to the leaf, the caterpillar slowly descends, spinning a thread of silk of it goes. Having given a proper length to this cord, the spinning of the nest begins. This is woven as a miniature silk bag, the caterpillar placing itself in the centre, and spinning rings of silk at regular intervals, connecting them at the same time by means of cross-threads. The whole, when finished, forms a loose web, with quadrangular meshes of nearly equal size throughout. The thread which holds it to the branch is glossy and stout, defying all attempts of the birds to break it, and the length of this cord permits the nest below to swing freely, thus rendering its capture a task of no easy accomplishment. There is a small orifice at either end of the bag, to permit the moth, which is to be born in this airy prison, to escape. We have called this a nest, but it may more properly be classed both as a tomb and a cradle—the tomb of the caterpillar, and the cradle of the new creature which is to find its life in the death of its devoted mother.

When this tomb is completed—a task occupying three or four days—the inclosed caterpillar becomes sluggish, its skin shrivels and cracks, and at last the once living and ingenious artisan becomes a motionless chrysalis of narrow shape, which rests gently suspended in its self-created prison. At length the new life appears, and soon the narrow door-way widens, and there flies out and up toward the light and beauty of the day a new creature in the form of a richly-hued but short-lived moth, which must soon become a prey to those enemies against which, in its silken cage, it was so well protected.

In a communication to the *Academy*, addressed from the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, December 11th, Mr. Christie, referring to the transit-of-Venus observations, states that, from telegrams received from a large number of stations, astronomers have every reason to be congratulated on the success of their efforts. The weather was, on the whole, most favorable. The wisdom of establishing a number of observing-stations will however appear from the following list of results, as obtained at the date of the letter:

Complete Success.	Partial Success.	Failure.
Cairo.	Ispahan.	Shanghai.
Thebes.	Wladivostok	Madras.
Suez.	(Siberia).	Biagowesck.
Bushire.	Adelaide.	Tschenk.
Roorkee (N. W. Provinces, India).	Hobart Town.	Omek.
	Robe, Victoria.	Orenburg.
	Poselet.	Uralak.
Calcutta.	Habarowka.	Kazan.
Kurrachee.		Astrachan.
Nagasaki (Japan).		Kertch.
Hogo (Japan).		Tiflis.
Melbourne.		Erivan.
Tschita.		Nakritschewan.
Jalta.		

Captain Ord Browne and Mr. Newton were both successful at Cairo, though they differ by four seconds in the time noted. At Suez the

clouds, which had been threatening, cleared away just before the critical moment, thus enabling Mr. Hunter to obtain a good many measures with Airy's double-image micrometer of the distance of Venus from the sun's limb before internal contact, and the length of the cusps after. At Thebes, Captain Abney obtained a series of fifty photographs of Venus at intervals of a second; the instrument used being Janssen's slide. At the same point, successful telescopic observations were made by Colonel Campbell, Dr. Auwers, and Professor Döllen. The Roorkee party, under Colonel Tennant, obtained one hundred good photographs, together with valuable telescopic results. In Japan, M. Janssen directed the observations with his photographic slide, and appears to have obtained good results. The German party, at Ispahan, obtained nineteen good photographs, and, at Wladivostok, Professor Hall, in spite of unfavorable weather, obtained thirteen. Regarding the American and French stations around the Sea of Japan, Professor Proctor writes most encouragingly, since they insure adequate results for all three classes of northern observations: 1. Delisleian at ingress; 2. Halleyan, and 3. Delisleian at egress. The only direct information yet received regarding the times of external contact comes from Captain Tupman and his assistant, Lieutenant Noble, at Honolulu, and is as follows:

	H. M. S.
External contact, Captain Tupman,	3 7.1
" " Lieutenant Noble,	3 7.3
Internal " Captain Tupman,	3 35 53.7
" " Lieutenant Noble,	3 35 54.4

One hundred and twenty micrometer measures were also made by the Honolulu party. It is stated that the native Kanakas took great interest in the transit. The entire population of Honolulu at the beginning of the transit were engaged in viewing it through bits of smoked glass. A careful review of all the reports yet obtained would seem to justify Americans in congratulations over the labors of their observers. In a letter to the *Tribune*, of the 30th ult., Professor Henry states, on the authority of the astronomer-royal, that the observations of Professor Peters, chief of the American observing-party, stationed at Queenstown, New Zealand, were a great success, and that two hundred and thirty-seven photographs were made of the first contact.

In a recent review of a paper on the color of animals, a brief reference was made to the phenomena attending the changes of color in the chameleon. In continuation of this interesting subject, we condense, from the same communication, as follows: "The first direct experiments on the chameleon were instituted by Perrault in the seventeenth century. These observations, which have been verified by all subsequent ones, determined that the animal became pale at night, and took a deeper color by day, when in the sun or when teased, and that it is a popular fallacy to believe that its skin changes with the change of color in its surroundings. Moreover, its change of color is limited in range, varying from gray to green and greenish-brown. In northern climates it soon loses its intensity of color, but in Africa the changes are incessant and marked. Sometimes a row of large patches appears on the sides, or the skin is spotted like a trout, the spots decreasing to the size of a pin-head. At times the spots are light on a dark ground, which order is in turn reversed, the ground being light and the spots dark. It is a fact of especial interest that, though the changes in two chameleons may vary when they are awake

and active, when asleep the bodies of both will assume and retain the same single color, which, in the case of the Egyptian chameleon, is a light sea-green. As the rest of the brain was followed by a rest in the changes of the body, the conclusion naturally reached was, that the change of color was consequent upon the nervous activity of the animal, and the resultant activity of circulation. The color is believed to be in a natural pigment, which, when collected in globules, fails to affect the retina, but which, when excited by the nerves, becomes distributed, and therefore visible. That the nerves are the active agents in the distribution of this pigment was proved by the fact that, when a nerve was cut, that portion of the skin through which it passed became inactive and the color dark. This peculiar result of suspended nervous action makes the chameleon a good subject for physiological experiment. For instance, if one be poisoned with curare, it turns black, but, if placed under the influence of chloroform, the light color remains, unless death ensues, when the color is a decided black. According to MM. Edwards and Pouchet, the coloring pigment abides in little vesicles which intersect and intertwine behind the epidermis. The movement of this pigment is under the direct control of the animal, and when it is drawn within the vesicles the skin appears light-colored. The movement of the pigment is at times effected without the consciousness of the chameleon. For instance, when one asleep is exposed to a bright light, the exposed side turns bright, the fluid having retreated to its interior cells. When the animal awakes the remaining surface assumes a bright hue. To Darwin, Pouchet, and Paul Bert, science is mainly indebted for these interesting and suggestive facts regarding one of the most mysterious of physiological phenomena."

HARDLY has the world become familiar with the wonders of the electric-telegraphic machine, as shown in the operations of the simple Morse instrument, than it is again called upon to witness a new marvel that, not so long ago, would have been counted among the visions of a dreamer. To be able, by the aid of a few glass and earthenware cups, a wire, and a simple magnet-lever and grooved wheel, to send a message under the sea and across the land, is wonder enough for a century; and yet it has been surpassed by what may justly rank as a miracle of science. President Orton, of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in his annual report of October 14, 1874, writes as follows, regarding these new triumphs of electricians: "The Duplex apparatus of J. B. Stearns, by means of which two messages are transmitted in opposite directions upon one wire at the same time, has fully sustained the opinion of its utility and value which I expressed in my last annual report. But the past year has produced an invention more wonderful than the Duplex. Thomas A. Edison and George B. Prescott, the electricians of the company, have discovered processes and invented apparatus, by means of which two messages can be sent in the same direction, and two others in the opposite direction, simultaneously, upon one and the same wire. This invention, which they christened the Quadruplex, has been in successful operation between our New York and Boston offices for the last two weeks, and is satisfactorily performing an amount of work upon one wire quite equal to the capacity of four wires worked with the ordinary Morse apparatus." An extended and technical description of these new machines and methods

would doubtless perplex those of our readers who have not given to the subject special attention. The significance of the improvement may be understood, however, when it is known that, in place of four wires extended between New York and Boston, one may now be made to do the same amount of work in the same time. At one table four operators are seated: two continually sending and two receiving messages over one and the same wire, at one and the same time.

REPORTS from England are of a nature to justify the conclusion that now the dispatching of the new Polar Expedition is assured no means will be spared to render it perfect, both in the completeness of its equipment and the ability of its commanders and subordinates, as already announced in the JOURNAL. The chief command has been intrusted to Captain Nares, of the Challenger, with Captain Albert Markham as his first-lieutenant. The previous services of Captain Nares, in the cause of scientific exploration, are familiar to our readers, while Captain Markham's experience in the arctic regions has been such as to justify this new and important responsibility. The Committee of the Admiralty, to whom has been intrusted the organization of the expedition, have recommended the purchase of the Bloodhound, a Dundee ship, of six hundred tons, and the Alert, a slightly larger ship, formerly a man-of-war. Both vessels are fitted with compound engines, and it is estimated that each has a capacity which will enable it to carry coal enough to furnish steam for twenty days, at eight knots an hour. The expedition is expected to set sail about the first of June next, and will proceed at once to Smith's Sound, which will then be clear of ice. A depot of supplies will be formed near the entrance to this sound, when both vessels will proceed to a suitable distance beyond. Here, at a point yet to be decided, one of the vessels will be stationed, the other proceeding into the unexplored regions beyond. In this manner every effort will be made to keep up communication with the outer world. A marked feature of the work will probably be the sledges, which were so successful in previous northern explorations. As to who will be chosen to fill the subordinate positions in the party, nothing has as yet been fully determined. It is officially announced, however, that the officers and crews will be selected from the Royal Navy, while those constituting the scientific staff have not yet been chosen; but it is certain that the authorities intrusted with the selection will designate those whose qualifications are unquestioned, and whose experience has been such as to justify their claims to this hazardous service.

As the result of certain observations on the tone of water-falls, H. A. and E. Heine communicate to the Natural History Society of Schaffhausen the following interesting facts: "A mass of falling water gives the chord of C sharp (C, E, D), and below these notes the non-accordant F. When C and D sound louder than the middle note, F is heard very fully. It smoothes the pure chord of C sharp, so that it is no longer heard as a concord, but as a clear, rushing noise. The F is a deep, dull, humming, far-resounding tone, strong in proportion to the mass of the falling water. It can be heard round rocky corners or through thick woods, and at a distance at which the other notes are imperceptible. Besides F, C and G are heard. E is always weak, and the ear scarcely recognizes it in small falls. The notes C, E, G, F, belong to all rushing water,

and in great falls often in different octaves. Small falls often give the same tones one, two, or three octaves higher. No other tones can be found. In strong falls F is the easiest to hear; in all weak ones C. On first attempts to distinguish the notes, C is usually the most readily recognized, and, as each note is accompanied by its octave, it is often difficult to decide which, C, G, or F, is heard. Persons with musical ears attempting to sing near a rushing water spontaneously use the key of C sharp, or of F sharp if near a heavy, thundering fall. Other keys give an ugly discord. Experiments with other fluids are suggested, to see if they give notes differing from those of water."

THE *Geographical Magazine*, in noting what it calls a bifurcation between the Danube and Rhine, states that it has been noticed for many years past that some distance below Donaueschingen a portion of the water of the Danube was sucked up by the soil, the river continuing its course much reduced in size. The water thus abstracted was supposed to give rise to the source of the Aach, which rises beyond a range of limestone hills to the south, and discharges its waters into the Lake of Constance, and thus to the Rhine. Recently the formation of two large holes, or "swallows," has been noticed in the Danube, and the amount of water swallowed up by them was sufficiently large to deprive the mill-owners of Möhringen and Tuttlingen, lower down the river, of the necessary water-power. They examined the spot on the 3d of October last, and resolved to stop up the holes. But to this the mill-owners on the Aach object, and the legal proceedings threatened by them may possibly lead to a thorough investigation of this interesting phenomenon.

THE Egyptian Government has recently dispatched two African reconnoitring expeditions, composed of eight European and twelve native officers, with sixty-three soldiers. They will proceed to the Soudan, and thence will explore the country between the provinces of Darfour and Kordofan, proceeding to the equator west of the Albert N'yanza. Among the main objects of these expeditions will be the repairing of the wells along the route, and the preparation and verification of maps. To this will be added the duty of carefully noting the peculiarities of the climate, the nature of the people, and the character of the commerce in which they are engaged, with a general observation of the products and agricultural capacities of the country. The results of these observations will be embodied in full official reports, and will be of great service alike to trade and the cause of an advanced civilization.

A NEW Swiss lake, or pile-dwelling, has recently been unearthed at the hamlet of Vinzelz, near Biel; the platform, which was found at a depth of three or four feet, rested upon piles, and was composed of beams nearly a foot thick; these were of oak, and well preserved, the woody fibres of the "rings" being easily detected. It was near this point that, during the last winter, a well-preserved boat was discovered. This was forty feet long and three wide; it was embedded in a deposit of marl near the edge of the lake.

It has been suggested that among the supplies for the Polar Expedition should be included a few pounds of mustard and cress-seed, for the purpose of obtaining green salad. These seeds will grow if sprinkled in a damp piece of flannel, or a bed of moist ashes, and the plants have long been esteemed for their anti-scorbutic properties.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FRASER has the "Latest Intelligence from the Planet Venus." But it has nothing to do with the "transit of Venus." The news is direct from inhabitants of that far-off country, and gives the people of the earth some curious information:

"In the planet Venus, though the present sovereign happens to be a king, all political business, electoral and parliamentary, is allotted to the women. Women only have the right to vote or to sit in the House of Commons, and the Upper House is formed of the eldest daughters of deceased peers. Politics, therefore, are included among the usual branches of ladies' education, but, except in this respect, their social condition presents no unusual features.

"This monopoly by women of political power is as old as their system of government, and, until a few years ago, no one dreamed of complaining or of questioning its wisdom. But a pamphlet, advocating the enfranchisement of males, has lately been published by a clever female agitator, and caused a considerable stir. It is not pretended that a majority of the sex ask, or even desire, the privilege. The plea put forward is abstract justice backed by possible expediency, and, the cry once sounded, arguments are not wanting, petitions flow in, idle men have taken the matter up and find supporters among the younger women; and last night a member of the government redeemed the pledge made to her constituents last election, to bring forward a bill for removing the electoral disabilities of men. She has no lack of supporters, some sincere, some interested. Her greatest difficulty was in persuading the House to treat the measure seriously. The notion of admitting young cornets, cricketers, and fops of the Dundreary pattern to a share in the legislation, the prospect of Parliamentary benches recruited from the race-course, the hunting-field, and the billiard-room, was a picture that proved too much for the gravity of the Commons. A division, however, was insisted upon by the original proposer. At this juncture, the leader of the opposition, a lady as distinguished by her personal attractions as by her intelligence, moderation, common-sense, and experience arose, and made the following forcible speech, which we transcribe for the benefit of all such as it may, directly or indirectly, concern:

"Madam—Before proceeding to state my opinions on this question, or my reasons for holding them, I wish to impress on you a sense of the importance of the measure just brought forward, that it may at least obtain from you the attention it deserves. I must urge you not to allow party or personal motives to blind you to its nature and bearings. The supporters of male suffrage are seeking not only to introduce a startling innovation into a system of government that has hitherto worked remarkably well, but in so doing they would tamper with the foundations of society, and in a blind cry for equality and supposititious justice ignore the most elementary laws of Nature. The question is not a political, it is a scientific and physiological one. About the equality of the sexes we may go on disputing forever, but with regard to their identity there can be no matter

of doubt. No one has ever ventured to assert it. Each sex has its special sphere—mission—call it what you will, originally assigned to it by Nature, appropriated by custom. What, now, are the special and distinguishing natural characteristics of the male sex? Assuredly muscular strength and development. With less quickness of instinct, flexibility, and patience than women, men are decidedly our superiors in physical power. Look at individuals, men of all classes—mark their capability for, nay, their enjoyment of, exertion and exposure. If these do not naturally fall to their lot they find artificial employment for their faculties in violent games and athletic exercises; some, indeed, go as far as to seek it in the distant hunting-grounds and prairies of uncivilized continents. This quality of theirs has its proper outlet in the active professions. To man, therefore, war and navigation, engineering and commerce, agriculture and trade, their perils and toils, their laurels and gains; to man, in short, all those callings in which his peculiar endowment of greater physical force and endurance of physical hardships is a main and necessary element. Those with superior mental gifts will turn to such scientific pursuits as specially demand courage, exposure, and rough labor. It is most essential that their energies should not be diverted from these channels. We should then have had soldiers, bad ships, bad machines, bad artisans. Government, on the other hand, is no game to be played at by amateurs. The least of its functions claims much honest thought and watchfulness. Either, then, the manly professions will suffer, or else—and this is the worse danger of the two—the suffrage will be carelessly exercised, and the mass of new voters, without leisure to think and judge for themselves, will be swayed by a few wire-pullers, unprincipled adventurers, who, seeking only to feather their own nests, will not hesitate to turn to account the ignorance and preoccupation of the electors.

"Now turn to the woman. Her organization no less clearly defines her sphere. With finer natural perceptions than man, less ungovernable in her emotions, quicker and clearer in intellect, physically better fitted for sedentary life, more inclined to study and thought, every thing seems to qualify her specially for legislation. For the judicious application of general rules to particular cases, peculiar delicacy of instinct is required, and in no capacity have any but women been known to approach the ideal of government—that perfect rule—all-efficient, yet unfelt.

"Take the family as a rough type of the nation. To whom, at home, is naturally allotted the government of young children? To the mother. To whom that of the domestic household? To the mistress. Widowers and bachelors are proverbially the slaves and victims of spoiled children and ill-trained servants. In all such home-matters the husband defers to his wife, and would as soon expect to have to instruct her in them as she to teach him fortification, boxing, or mechanics. Little time or thought, indeed, has the professional man to spare for household superintendence; how much less for matters requiring such careful study as the government of a nation! The clergyman, wearied with his day's visiting of the sick, teaching, or preaching; the doctor after his rounds; the merchant or tradesman overwhelmed with business; what they require when their daily toil is over is rest, relaxation, not to be set down to work out complex social and political problems, to study the arguments for and against the several measures to which members offer to pledge them-

selves, and to form a judgment on the merits of respective candidates. What time or opportunity have they for qualifying themselves to do so? But the wives of these men, on the other hand, have lives comparatively unoccupied, and of physical and intellectual leisure enough to spare. Here, then, is a commodity; there a demand and a field for it, and this surplus, so to speak, of time, strength, and attention with us has been always applied to the science of government, nor do I see how a happier or more judicious arrangement could have been made."

The speech continues with an enumeration of some of the dangers that would ensue upon the enfranchisement of men:

"The muscular force of the community being male, an opportunity would be afforded for an amount of intimidation it would shock us now even to contemplate. Right has ever been might in our land. Shall we reverse our motto? Shall we, who have ever taken pride in the fact that our counsels are swayed by reason and judgment alone—a fact from which men have benefited at least as much as women—invite the fatal indefensible element of force to enter in and meddle with our elections, and let the hustings become the scene of such struggles and riots as in certain countries where, by a singular distortion of judgment, the management of political affairs is thrust entirely on the men? Supposing that the suffrage were irrespective of sex, and supposing it to happen that the men in a wrong cause were arrayed against and outvoted by the women in a right, would they not, as they could, use force to compel the women to submit? And here we are threatened with a relapse into barbarism from which the present constitution of our state affords so admirable a guarantee. And that something of the sort would ensue I have little doubt. Probably the next step would be to oust women altogether from the legislature—the standard of female education would then decline, and woman would sink lower and lower both in fact and in the estimation of men. Being physically weak, she must always, among the rough and uneducated classes, be especially exposed to ill-treatment. Of this in our country, I am happy to say, there are but rare instances, nevertheless. But there are lands where men monopolize the suffrage, and where a state of things exists among the lower classes—let us hope the upper and civilized orders do not realize it, for their apathy would otherwise be monstrous—which if widely and thoroughly known would be recognized as the darkest page of modern history, something to which a parallel must be sought in the worst days of legalized slavery. Penal laws have utterly failed as a remedy, and it is obvious that they must always do so. What has been our guard against this particular evil? Is it not that point in our social system which raises woman's position, both actually and in the eyes of the men of her class, by intrusting to her functions of general importance, which she is at least as well qualified by nature to fill as man, and which we take care that her education shall fit her for, as a man's, necessarily unequal, semi-professional, and engrossing, can never do? Thus men have an irksome, thankless, exacting, life-long labor taken off their hands, which are left free to work out their fame and fortune; educated women their faculties turned to the best account; while among the lower orders, the artificial superiority conferred on the female sex by its privilege of the suffrage, raising the woman's status in fact and in the eyes of her husband, acts as an effectual check on domestic tyranny of the worst sort, and the nation

has the advantage of being governed by that section of the community whose organization, habits, and condition, best enable them to study political science.

"That any wrong is done to men by the existing arrangement, I entirely deny. Most of them are married, and it is so seldom that a wife's political opinions differ materially from her husband's, that the vote of the former may fairly be said to represent both. The effect on the sex itself would be most undesirable. It is a fatal mistake to try to turn men into women, to shut them up indoors, and set them to study blue-books and reports in their intervals of business, to enforce on them an amount of thought, seclusion, and inaction so manifestly uncongenial to their physical constitution which points so plainly to the field, the deck, the workshop, as the proper theatre for their activity. The best men are those who are most earnest and laborious in their professions, and do not trouble themselves with politics. Already they have sufficient subjects to study—special studies imperatively necessary for their respective occupations. Do not let us put another weight on the shoulders of those who, from the cradle to the grave, have so much less leisure than ourselves for reflection and acquiring political knowledge, or else, let us look no more for calm and judicious elections, but to see candidates supported from the lowest motives, and members returned by a majority of intimidation, bribery, private interest, or at best by chance, all through the ill-advised enfranchisement of an enormous body of muscular indeed, but necessarily prejudiced, ignorant, preoccupied members of society."

We translate from the French the subjoined interesting sketch of Jules Verne, whose scientific romances have recently become so popular:

"Among those who most assiduously frequented the residence of Alexandre Dumas *filz*, twenty years ago, was an old retired captain of the army named D'Arpentigny. D'Arpentigny, with his yellow hair, his black mustache, and his piercing eye, was one of the strangest types of that period. He had invented a science—*la chiromagie*, he called it—and assumed to read people's characters from their hands. He was a charming talker, much courted, and, but for his mania to inspect the palm of your hand, very agreeable.

"One day he called on Dumas. 'One of my friends at Nantes,' he said, 'has recommended to my courtesy a young man who desires to be a writer.'

"The unfortunate! replied the author of 'La Dame aux Camélias,' with his broad, crafty laugh. 'Why don't he make a groat of himself?'

"It seems that he lacks aptitude for that business. He has a number of manuscripts—'Then he is a lost man! What is to be done with him?'

"He asks to be introduced to you."

"Bring him here to-morrow to dinner."

"The young man, who was no other than Jules Verne, one of the authors of the 'Tour du Monde,' came, in fact, the next day, and presented to the master a little dramatic piece which he had just finished, entitled 'The Broken Straws.'

"Dumas read it, liked it, and said to the author, 'Come back some of these days, and we will have the sketch brought out at the Théâtre Historique.'

"The piece was promptly accepted by the manager, was performed, and met with great

success. Jules Verne entered the domain of literature as one of his imaginary characters; later, penetrated into the moon, to wit, mounted on a bullet.

"After this brilliant *début* there was nevertheless a pause in the career of the author of the 'Tour du Monde.' He was secretary of the Théâtre Lyrique, managed at that time by Séveste, and later, after Séveste's death, he frequented the Bourse and became a broker. When he had passed the whole day in dotting down figures, in buying, selling, and reselling shares in stock, obligations, shares paid up and not paid up, in muddling his mind over reports, over 3 per cent., 62.074 or 72.084, he would return to his house with aching head and dry throat, and would begin to write for the sake of distraction. He threw himself among his chimeras and his dreams, but he knew how to give to all his rambles an aspect of truth which kept up the illusion.

"To date from this period, he published, in the *Musée des Familles* first, and afterward in various periodicals, those scientific novels which have met with so much success, namely: 'The Adventures of Captain Hatteras;' 'The Children of Captain Grant;' 'Adventures of Three Russians and Three Englishmen;' 'From the Earth to the Moon;' 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Earth;' 'Journey to the Centre of the Earth;' 'The Land of Furs;' 'Around the World in Eighty Days' (from which was drawn the piece which is now being performed at the Porte-Saint-Martin Théâtre), etc., etc.

"These works obtained an enormous popularity, and all of them ran through numerous editions.

"Perceiving finally that he could earn his livelihood with his pen, Jules Verne gave up brokering.

"Jules Verne is forty-six years old. Of medium size, he wears a full beard, and presents a vague resemblance to Alfred de Musset. Nevertheless, he has not the melancholy and somewhat sickly look of the great poet. His complexion, tanned by the sea-air, breathes strength and health. His other physical attributes are a keen gaze, a brief manner of address, nervous movements, white hairs, and gray bread.

"The author of the 'Tour du Monde' owns a pleasure-boat, and passes half his life on the water. This is doubtless the reason why he describes with so much fidelity the hollow sounds of the ocean breaking on its shores, the whistling of the tempest which dashes the spray in your face, the piercing cries of large birds, the groaning of the vessel when the planks are strained, the grating of the cables, and the flapping of sails in the wind. At other times, he lays before you the majestic spectacle of the calm sea, the waves of which murmur gently, seeming to bear away on their crests patches of white clouds or of blue sky which are reflected in them.

"During the entire summer Jules Verne sails his boat around France, going from Havre to Marseilles, making sometimes one hundred and fifty or two hundred leagues without touching land. He has two sailors under his orders, and he desists only when the sea becomes too rough and his little bark can no longer breast the waves.

"He is not the only one of his family who has contracted the taste for journeys. His brother, M. Paul Verne, made the fortieth ascension of Mont Blanc, under very unusual atmospheric conditions, and nearly lost his life while doing so.

"Let us conclude with a sufficiently curious incident which does M. Jules Verne credit:

"A few days before the 'Tour du Monde' was placed on the stage at the Porte-Saint-Martin, a delegation representing a very well-known financial company presented itself at the house of the author, and said to him: 'If you will cause your hero, in the piece that is about to be performed, to pass through the country whose loans we are engaged in negotiating, at the same time praising the prosperity of the country, and pointing out that the railroad that crosses it is the most direct medium of travel for a journey around the world, we are charged to offer you a considerable sum of money.'

"The author of the 'Voyages Extraordinaires,' who knew by heart all the subtleties and devices of the Bourse, listened coldly to this overture and at its conclusion said laughingly: 'No, it is useless to continue. I show the tour of the world, but I don't want to exhibit the trick (*tour*) to the world.'

"The delegation retired disappointed."

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* has a review of a French "Dictionary of Anecdotes," by M. Edmond Guérard, from which we copy a few passages illustrative of the book, which "throws a good deal of light on the national character and morality:"

"A popular work of reference in France is M. Edmond Guérard's 'Dictionary of Anecdotes,' an amusing compilation, which throws a good deal of light on the national character and morality. It indicates, moreover, in an unmistakable manner, the real opinion Frenchmen have of other nations. It is a fact which may or may not wound our insular pride to see that the sons, and even the daughters, of perfidious Albion appear to little advantage in these illustrated proverbs, if the term be allowed. Purse-proud, as might have been expected, is a charge frequently brought against them. An Englishman is represented as imagining any thing can be bought and any offense condoned by money. Thus 'Milord Hamilton,' having killed an hotel-waiter in a drunken brawl, is informed of the man's death by the landlord, and composedly orders him to charge it in the bill. The discussion which is still raging over the Vatican decrees lends additional point to another story which hardly does much injustice to English sentiment. The old Pretender asked 'Milord Douglas' what step he could take which would most conciliate the subjects he aspired to rule. 'Sire,' said Douglas, 'embark with a dozen Jesuits; as soon as you land in your dominions, hang them publicly. No act of your majesty's could give greater pleasure to your people.' The Englishman of the anecdote is further depicted as eccentric, disobliging, and silly. As a specimen of what Frenchmen will believe of us, M. Guérard's collection contains a ridiculous account of an Englishman wandering about Paris at luncheon-time, and, asking for 'ham,' being directed to a railway-station, induced to pay for a ticket, placed in a train, and deposited, two hours later, at the scene of Louis Napoleon's captivity. The Englishman is then (with sufficient probability) described as 'exasperated,' when he happily finds an official who can speak English, and learns that the word 'ham' has a different meaning in the two languages.

"It need scarcely be observed that Germans are, if possible, less flattered than Englishmen in popular French anecdote. A quaint saying of the Chevalier Taylor is worth re-

membering on this head. He had enumerated before company the different orders of knighthood with which he had been decorated. A by-stander observed that only one sovereign had passed him over—the King of Prussia. 'Pardon me,' interrupted the chevalier, 'the King of Prussia gave me an order to quit his territories without delay!' Only the finer qualities of Alsatians are now remembered among Frenchmen; before the war they were constantly twitted with the stupidity which was supposed to be a necessary consequence of their German origin. When the associates of Prince Louis Napoleon's attempt on Strasbourg were put on their trial in that city, an Alsatian jury had to be empaneled, the foreman of which could not speak a word of French. For two hours, so ran the story, he was coached in his part, and finally appeared to have mastered the short sentence with its variation, which he would have to repeat at the close of the trial. The moment came, and the foreman thus delivered himself: 'On my honor and conscience, I find that the jury is not guilty!'

"The Spaniard in French, as in all other popular stories, figures as a pompous braggart. The retort courteous of Henry IV. to the ambassador of the Catholic king is not too clever to be authentic, and might well have been uttered by the merry monarch of France. 'Ventre saint gris!' he cried in a moment of passion, 'if the King of Spain provokes me, he shall see me at Madrid.' 'You would not be the first King of France who has been there,' answered the ambassador, in allusion to the captivity of Francis I. 'Monsieur l'Ambassadeur,' said the king, 'you are a Spaniard and I a Gascon. If we begin a match at rhodomontade, there will be no end to it.' The Gascon being the Irishman of France, innumerable are the drolleries attributed to him. Among the best is the testimony of a valet in confirmation of his master's statement that his castle contained a gallery a mile long. 'You may laugh, gentlemen, but his honor's gallery is not only a mile long, but two miles broad!' Here is another sentence worthy of a countryman of Moore's: 'In whatever part of the body he might be wounded,' declared the Gascon, 'the blow would be mortal, for he was all heart.'

"Under the head of anecdotes relating to absolute power, one is not surprised to light upon what is very likely a real incident in the life of the Emperor Paul of Russia. The czar was in his carriage and saw a stalwart young soldier passing along. The following dialogue ensued: 'Step into my carriage, lieutenant.' 'I am only a private, sire.' 'The emperor never makes a mistake, captain.' 'I obey, sire.' 'Very well, major; sit down beside me. Splendid weather, is it not?' 'Sire, if I dared—' 'What is it, colonel?' Unluckily for the imperial favorite, his patron was compelled by an appointment to return early to the palace. If the drive had lasted a few minutes longer, he would have risen to be a field-marshal. As it was, he had to content himself with the rank of major-general. Perhaps it mattered the less in that at a subsequent interview with the emperor, a few days later, he descended step by step, during the short space of half an hour, from the grade of major-general to that of common soldier. Generally, the only Russian known to French anecdote is the 'Prince,' who comes to Paris to spend a huge fortune. He is showy, prodigal, and kind-hearted. Next to the English gentleman, he is, in Parisian eyes, the ideal of manhood."

Our readers will recall the extracts we have already given from Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies." The subjoined are in the same acute and pleasant vein:

"The beer-saloon is the Saxon's club, parlor, and drawing-room, and is free alike to rich and poor, noble and simple. The family-man as well as the bachelor, the old with the young man, is regular and uniform in his attendance. For Saxons have no homes, nor the refinement which leads most creatures, human or other, to reserve for themselves a retreat apart from the world's common path and gaze. It must not be inferred that the husband objects to taking his wife and children along with him: the broad Saxon tolerance never dreams of ostracizing woman from the scene of her lord's conviviality. Though seldom present in large numbers, there is generally a sprinkling of them in every roomful of drinkers. I have not observed that they exercise any restraint upon the tone of conversation: considering the light in which woman is regarded, it is not to be expected that they should; and as for children, they are not regarded at all. The wives watch the conversation of their masters much as a dog might do, seldom thinking of contributing to it; or, if they do, it is not in womanly fashion, but as far as possible in imitation of the men's manner. They drink their fair share of beer, often from the men's glass; but I cannot say that the geniality thus induced improves them. Until pretty far up in the social scale, there is little essential difference between the lower orders of women and those above them, especially after Gambrinus has laid his wand upon them. In the German language there are no equivalents for the best sense of our lady and gentleman; and perhaps the reason is not entirely a linguistic one.

"Female Saxony is very industrious; carries its sewing or embroidery about with it everywhere, and knits to admiration. When in its own company, it chatters like magpies, and we watch it with an appropriately amused interest. But our interest is of another sort when, as sometimes happens, a man enters with his newly-married wife, or sweetheart. The untutored stranger observes with curiosity the indifference of the couple to the public eye. Toward the close of the second glass, her head droops upon his shoulder, their hands and eyes meet, they murmur in each other's ear, and fatuously smile. It is nothing to them that the table and the room are crowded with strange faces. The untutored stranger, if he imagine these persons to be other than of perfect social respectability, commits a profound mistake. They are Saxons of the better class, and are utterly unconscious of any thing coarse or ungainly in thus giving publicity to their mutual endearments. The untutored stranger had perhaps believed that publicity of love, to be sublime, must be manifested under very exceptional circumstances. He had read with pleasure how the beautiful woman threw herself upon her lover's bosom, so to intercept the fatal bullet: or his heart had throbbed at the passionate last embraces of wife and husband upon the scaffold-steps. But he is extravagant and prejudiced: not instant death, but a quart or so of beer, is pretext all-sufficient. Nay, may it not be that our Saxon sweethearts would find death put their affection out of joint, and therefore do wisely to be satisfied with the easy godfatherhood of Gambrinus? At all events, our criticisms are as gratuitous as untutored. The mixed assembly in which the exhibition takes place considers it so little extraordinary as scarcely to be at the trouble of looking at it or away from it. Nevertheless, there seems to

be a spiritual nudity about it, which, if not divine, indicates a phase of civilization elsewhere unknown."

We are told how the Saxons love publicity:

"Saxons cannot be happy except in public and under one another's noses. The edge of pain is dulled for them if only they may undergo their torture in the market-place; and no piece of good luck is worth having which has not been dragged through the common gutter. Each man's family is too small for him—he must take his neighbor's likewise into his bosom. Is this the result of a lofty spirit of human brotherhood? or is it diseased vanity, which finds its only comfort in stripping the wretched fig-leaves alike from its virtue and its vice? Nevertheless, most Saxons, if charged to their faces with being the first of nations, admit the impeachment, which proves how little true greatness has in common with the minor proprieties.

"It would be pleasant to study this trait in its effect upon gossip and scandal. If a man denudes himself in presence of my crony and me, does he not deprive our epigrams of their sting, and make our innuendoes ridiculous? Backbiters, thus rudely treated, must miss that delicate flavor which renders a dish of French scandal the delight of the world. But the guild dies hard, and even in the face of a persecution which should go the length not only of confessing discredibilities, but of taking a pride in them, will still find some husks to fatten upon."

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch, in *Belgravia*, of Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, gives the following brief glance at his youthful struggles:

"Sardou's early years were worked out in Paris. His first dwelling was a smoky garret on the Grands-Augustins quay, where very shaky houses managed to support one another before came the destructive but beautifying trowel of M. Haussmann. The young man toiled at any thing his hand could find to do, waxing thinner each day, and acquiring that unfading sallow tinge of the insufficiently fed.

"His landlord was a merry cobbler, who let him one of his two rooms. To reach his, Sardou had to traverse the Crispin's, full of a blending of smells from heelballs, wax, and leather, which 'appeased his appetite, and made his heart heave up into his gorge,' says he, often recalling that abominable atmosphere in the midst of his present splendor. Even then, however, he had those roseate dreams which charm the young. Like so many before him, he would come home of an evening and sit supperless, blocking out with charcoal on the table-top the plan of the mansion he would build when rich. But he has reached his ideal, neither slain by starvation nor led astray from the path of money-making by the innumerable sirens on the dramatist's course.

"As he stalked the streets, inhaling the perfumes of the 'frying-shops,' the pie-crust bakers', or the fruiterers', he would feast in imagination. Spite of absence of waistcoat, which compelled that buttoning-up of the seedy coat for which De Quincey in his college career was also famous, Sardou would actually walk into the shops of curiosity and picture-vendors, or of old booksellers, and price their rarities. 'The terms suit,' he would say, 'and perhaps I shall call for it in about a week.' Sometimes, a little less hopefully, he would frankly answer the man, 'When I am well enough off, I shall buy those prints of you.' In fact, there is one Pallas platter among his

treasures now which was 'put by' for him during ten years!

"However, he began to earn a trifle here and there upon his gleanings from the National Library, and in 1856-'57 took a suite of rooms, very compact and modest, in the Avenue des Feuillantines, near the Odéon Theatre, on the unfashionable bank of the Seine—the 'sorry side,' as the pupils in English of Professor Hamilton at the Polytechnic nickname it. He was still poor—so poor that when he had the audacity to ask the hand of his present wife in marriage (Mlle. Soulie), the father significantly desired him to wait a great deal longer.

"He was not of prepossessing aspect, having a tall, bony form, beginning to stoop somewhat in the shoulders even then. He wore his black hair long, like many other romantic slaves of the pen, and he had that firm cast of features and those deeply-penetrating eyes which marked Bonaparte when young. The police had him ticked off in their black book as likely to be prominent in event of an outbreak. Thanks to his slenderness, Sardou looked younger than he was. His Bohemian life gave him at least full knowledge of the way to approach such citadels as publishers' and theatrical managers' offices, and he learned 'all the ropes' over pipes of tobacco from veteran authors.

"What a young writer can hardly do alone he can perform in Paris by attaching himself to those whose name is made. Thus the first piece of Sardou's was executed in collaboration.

"In November, 1859, the Folies Nouvelles being transformed into the Déjazet Theatre, that ever-popular actress inaugurated her management by the first comedy of our author. The lady was so eager to make it a success, that she suffered stage-fright, and the writer himself stood in the wings to prompt her. It was a success, this 'Fleshing the Maiden Sword of Figaro,' and has remained a stock-piece for ladies affecting 'breeches parts.' Peg Woffington would have adored Sardou for such a character."

Notices.

THE LADD PATENT STIFFENED GOLD WATCH-CASES have proved themselves a wear a superior and standard article. In the eight years they have been before the public they have steadily gained in popular confidence and esteem. Made of thick plates of gold and nickel composition, thoroughly welded together, and rolled to the requisite thickness, they are, while equally handsome, stronger and more durable than the finest solid gold cases of the same weight of metal, and at one-third or one-half the cost. With good movements, they make the cheapest, most elegant, and serviceable gold watches in market, and are to be had of respectable dealers in all parts of the country. Send for full descriptive circulars to the manufacturers, J. A. Brown & Co., No. 11 Maiden Lane, New York.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 33 Murray Street, N. Y.

BINDING AND READING CASES.—Binding Cases for the volumes of APPLETON'S JOURNAL, in cloth, gilt back and side. Price, 75 cents each. Reading Cases, bound in half leather, \$1.00. Either of the Cases mailed post-free to any address, on receipt of price. In ordering, pains should be taken to designate accurately whether a Reading Case or Binding Case is wanted. The trade supplied. D. APPLETON & Co., Publishers, New York.